

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS

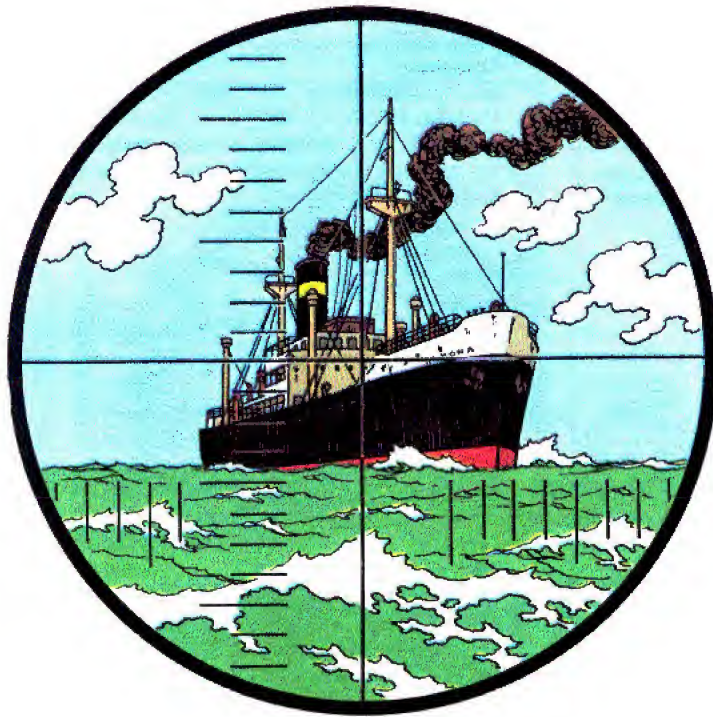


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

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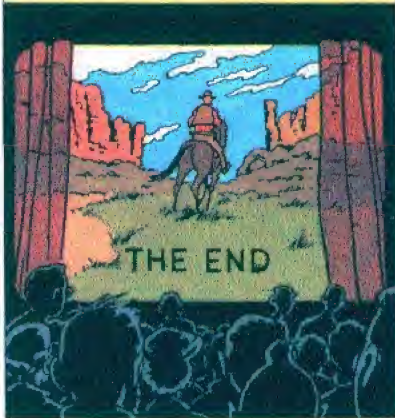


METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

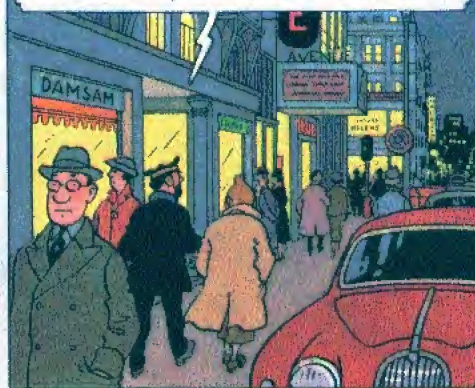
He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



... but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?

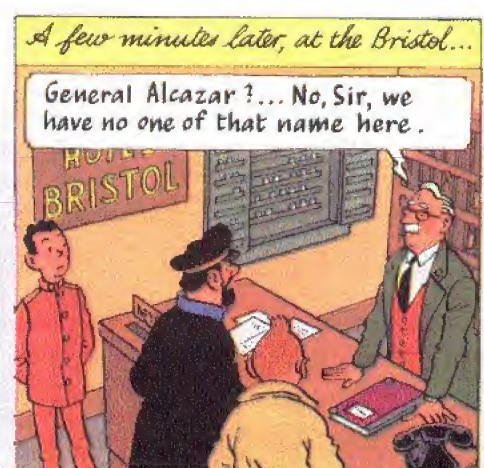
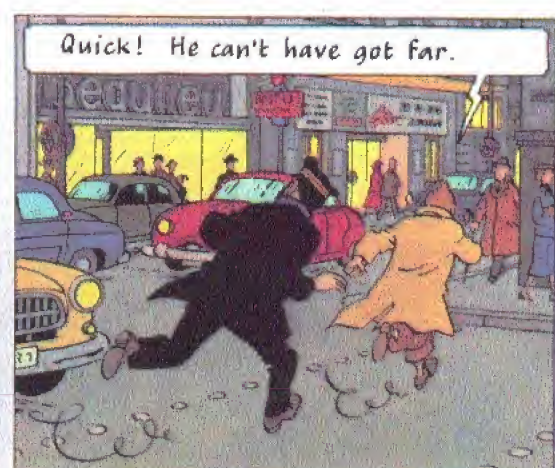
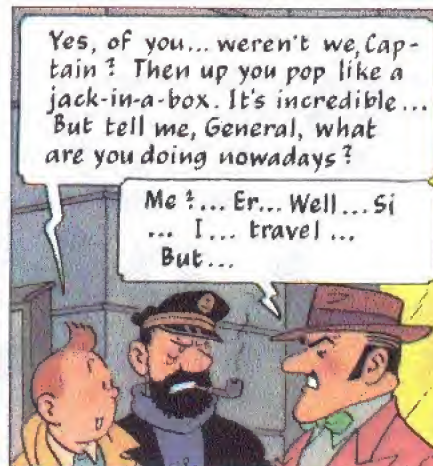


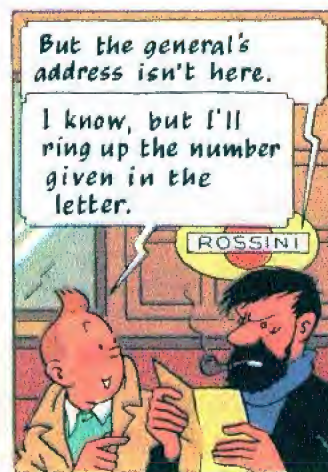
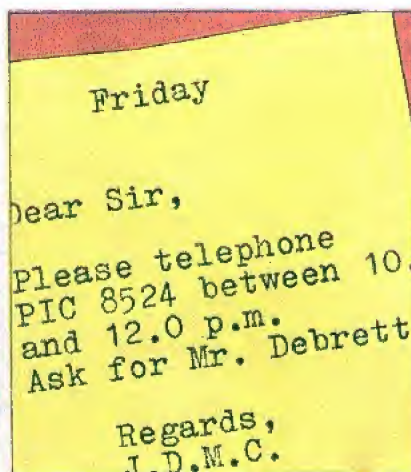
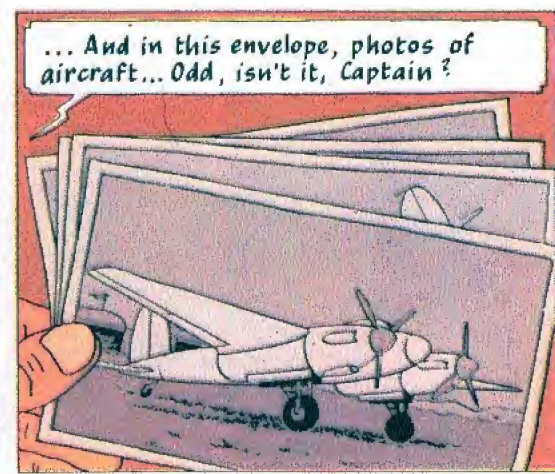
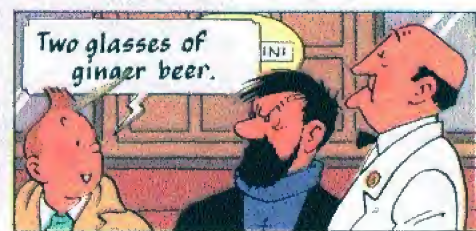
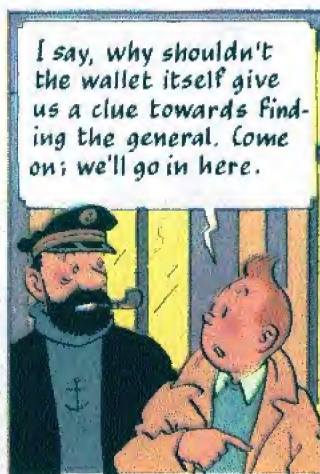
Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

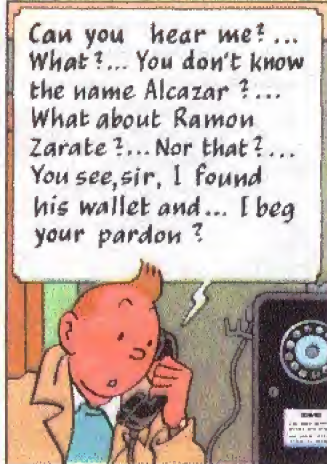
It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

Caramba!









Can you hear me? ... What?... You don't know the name Alcazar?... What about Ramon Zarate?... Nor that?... You see, sir, I found his wallet and... I beg your pardon?



I tell you, sir, I am not Mr. Debreth! I don't know your General Alhambra, and I am not interested in your story ... Goodbye!



There's politeness for you!...



Very odd ... They don't know of him at that number. Too bad... We'd better be getting home to Marlinspike.



A little later ...

How strange. The front door's open...



WOOAAAH!..WOOAAAH!..

?

?



Good heavens! My poor Snowy! Who's done this to you?!



I'll get to the bottom of it!



Hey, Captain, what's happened to you?



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Who's the thundering son of a sea-gherkin who did that?... Nestor!... Nestor!



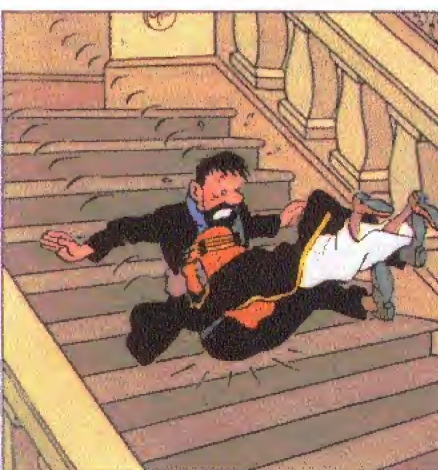
HAAAAH!..

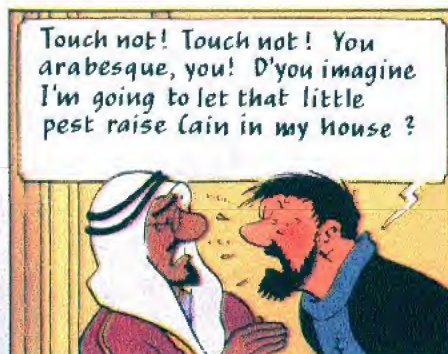
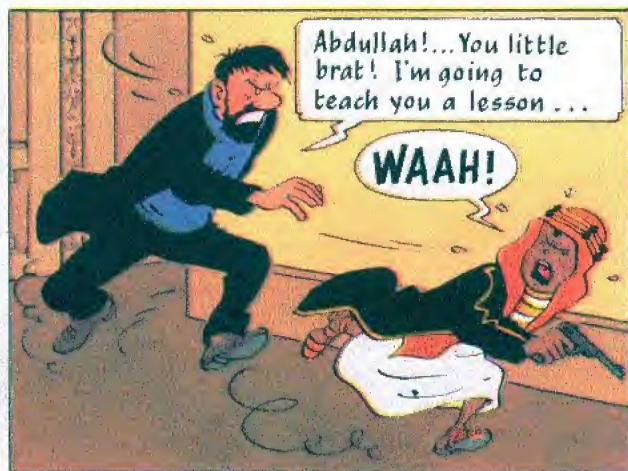
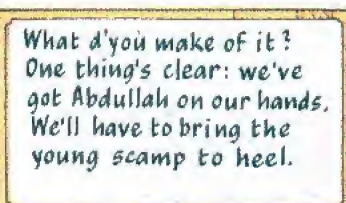
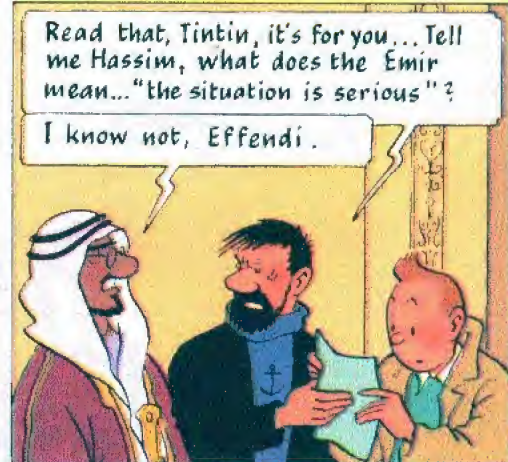
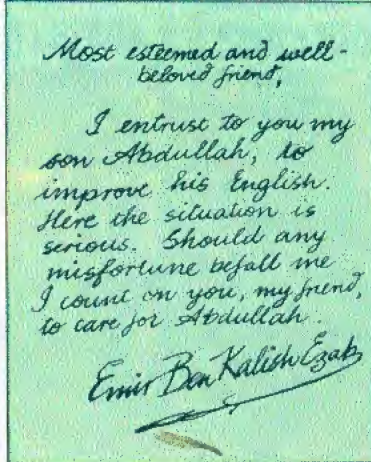
Th... th... th... there behind you!

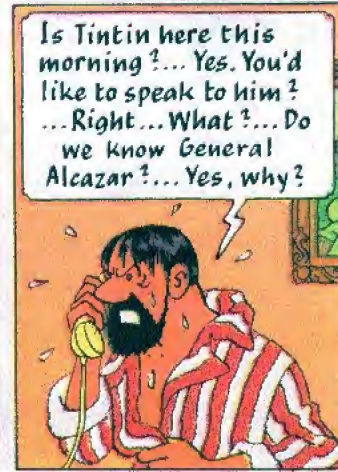
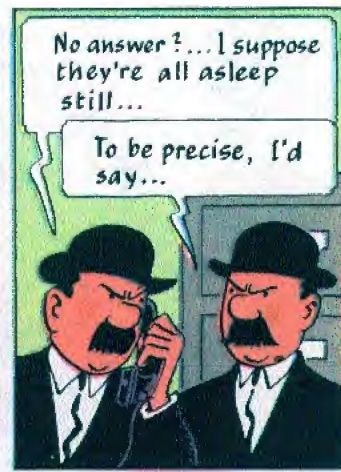
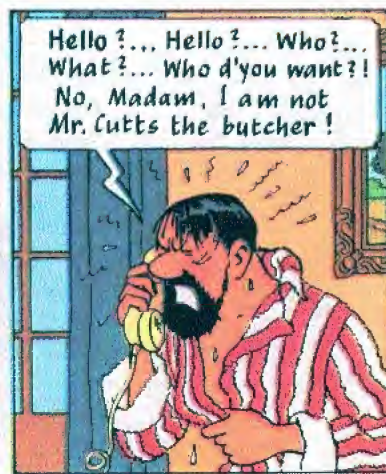
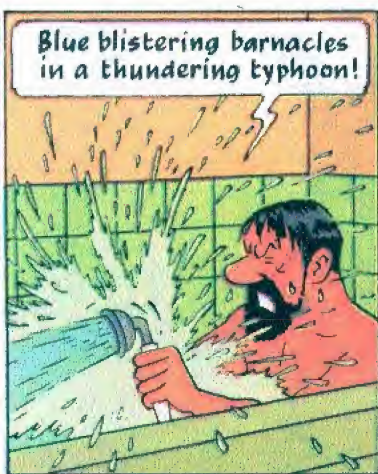


! ?

RRHOAH!..





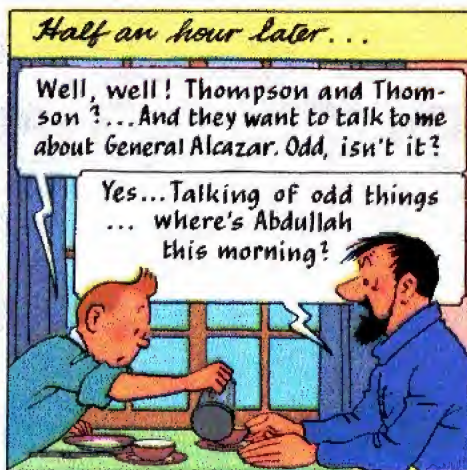




You'll explain that to Tintin later? Good... What?... No, no trouble at all...



Ringing up when I'm in the bath! I ask you!



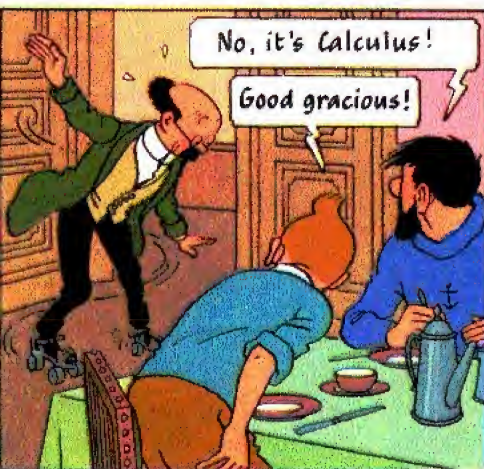
Half an hour later... Well, well! Thompson and Thompson?... And they want to talk to me about General Alcazar. Odd, isn't it?

Yes... Talking of odd things... where's Abdullah this morning?



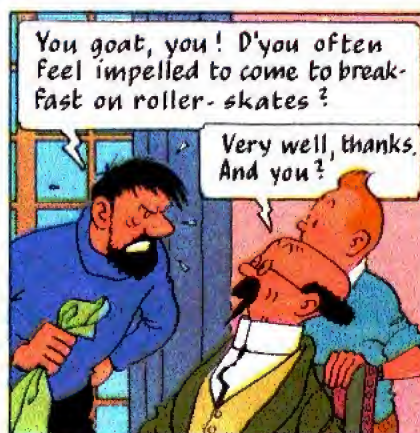
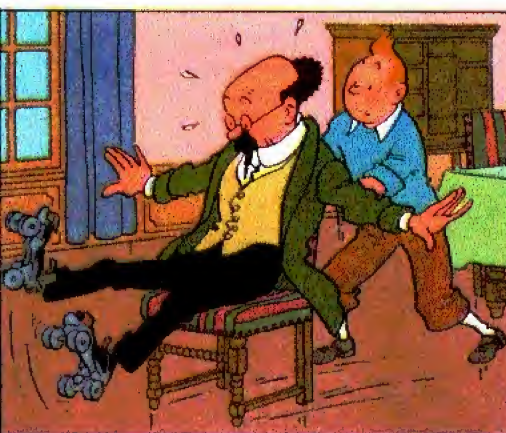
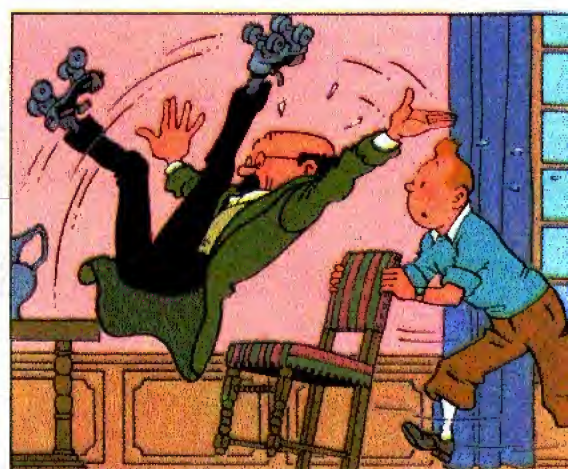
KHRRR KHRRR

Blistering barnacles, here he comes!



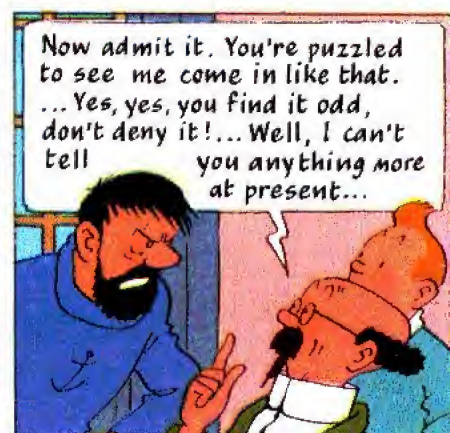
No, it's Calculus!

Good gracious!



You goat, you! D'you often feel impelled to come to breakfast on roller-skates?

Very well, thanks. And you?

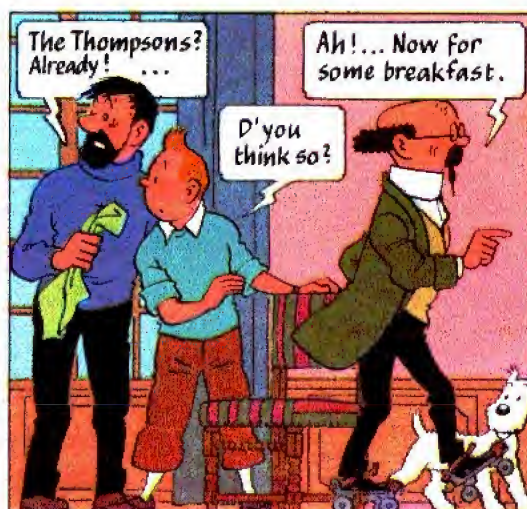


Now admit it. You're puzzled to see me come in like that. ... Yes, yes, you find it odd, don't deny it!... Well, I can't tell you anything more at present...



RRRRING

... but quite soon you'll see my reason for it.

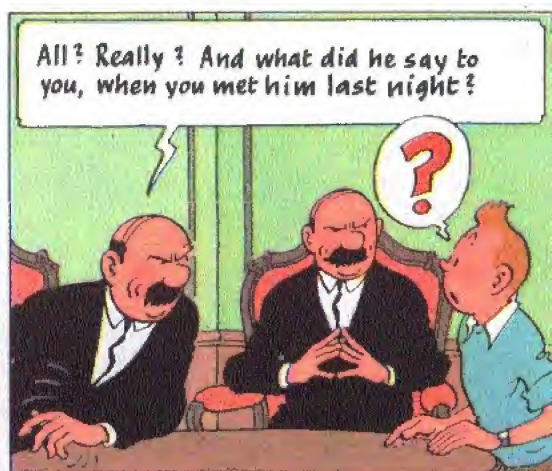
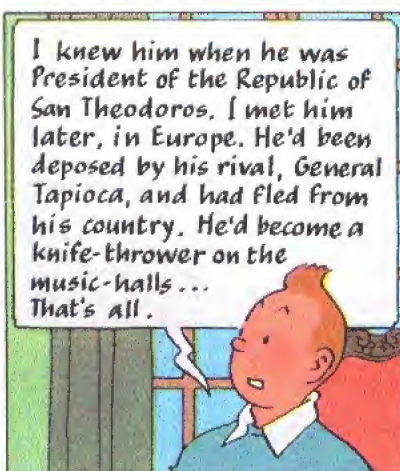
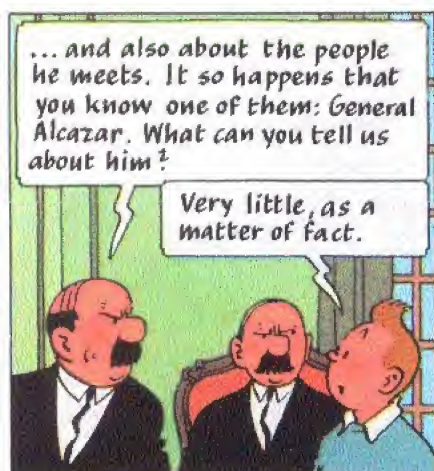
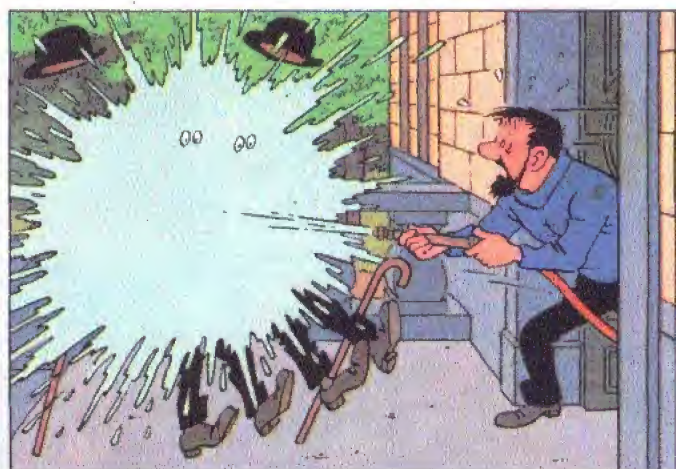
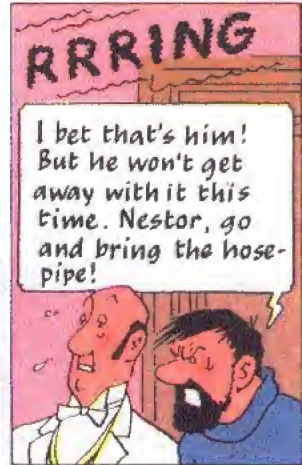
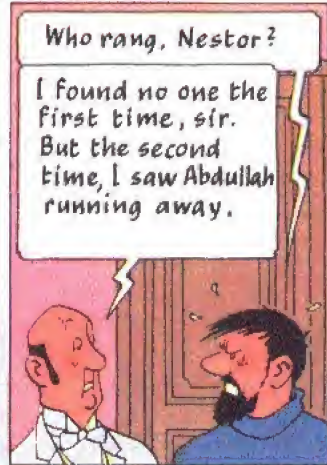


The Thompsons? Already! ...

Ah!... Now for some breakfast.

D'you think so?







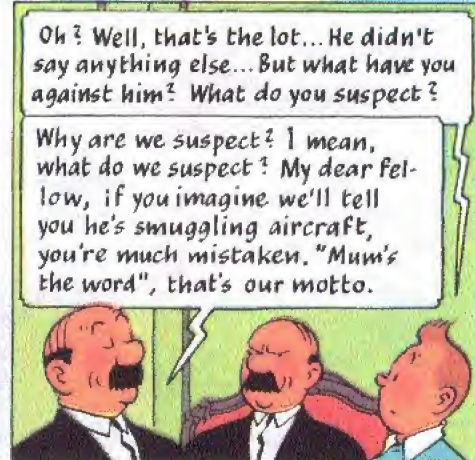
Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel... er... the Hotel...

Excelsior; yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.

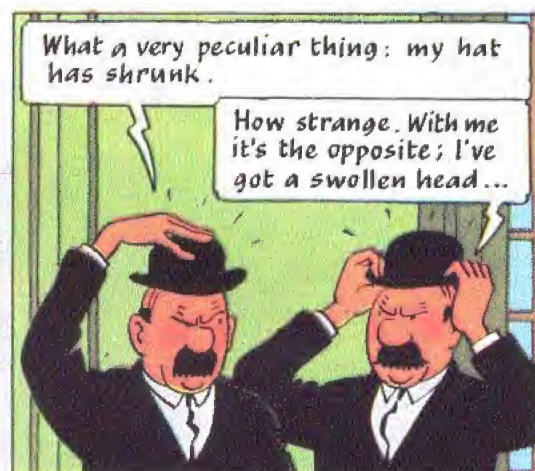


Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this ...

Abdullahah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?

?



Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



FOR SALE
AIRCRAFT, TANKS,
SUBMARINES ETC
Further particulars
from J.D.M.C., Box
No. 5083, DR

EXPORT CO. LTD.
invited from



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?



J. D. M. C. J. D. M. C. Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



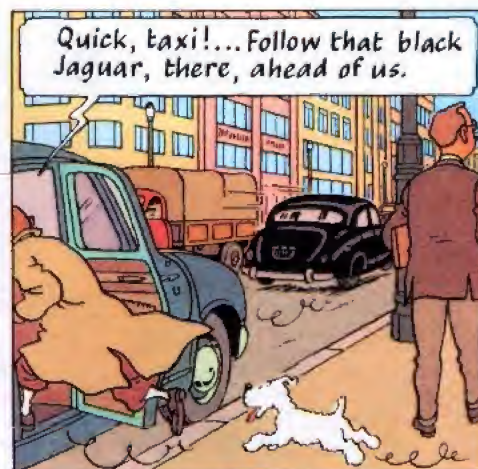
This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.



An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.

This is it, driver. Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know ...

We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...

Aircraft! So we were right!

Careful! Footsteps!

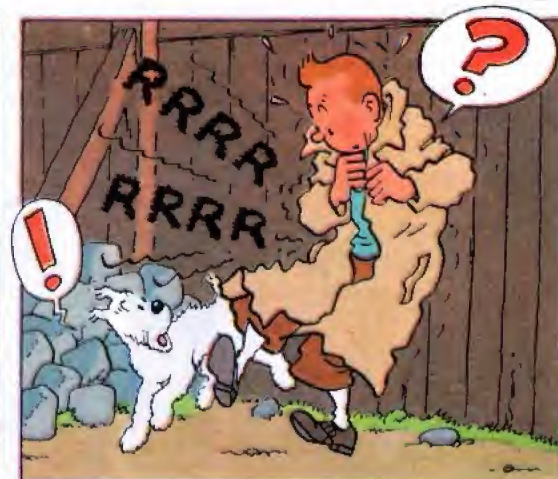
'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...

Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

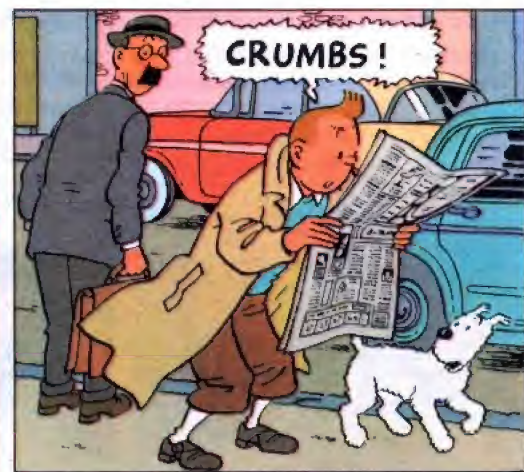
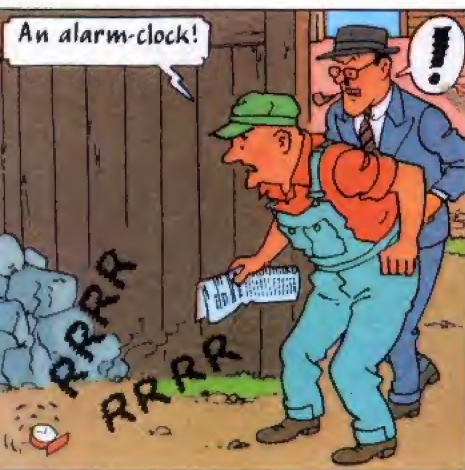
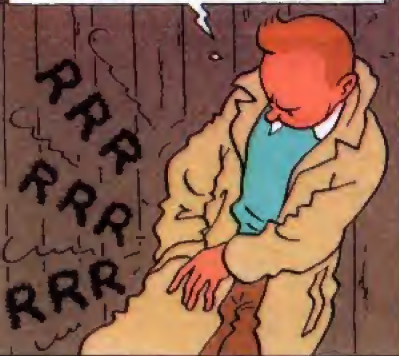
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

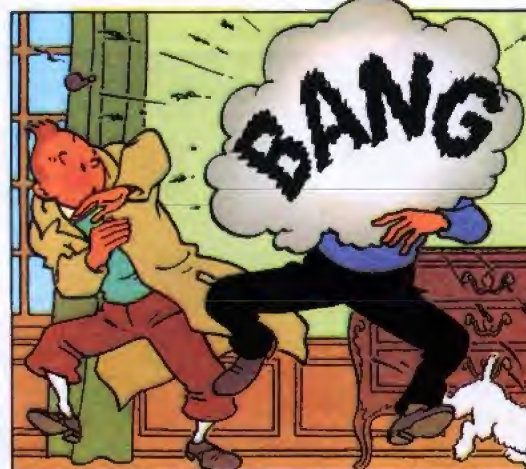
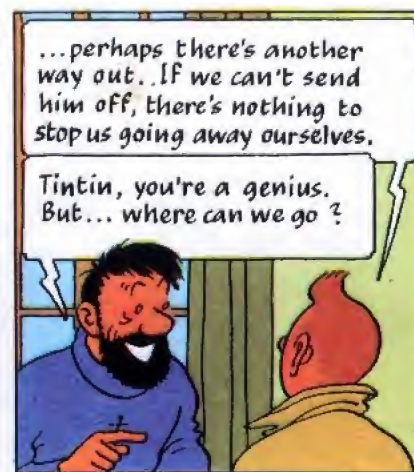
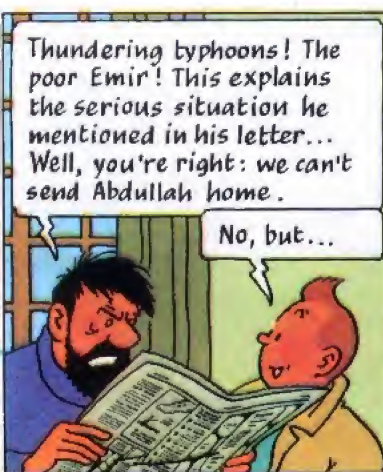
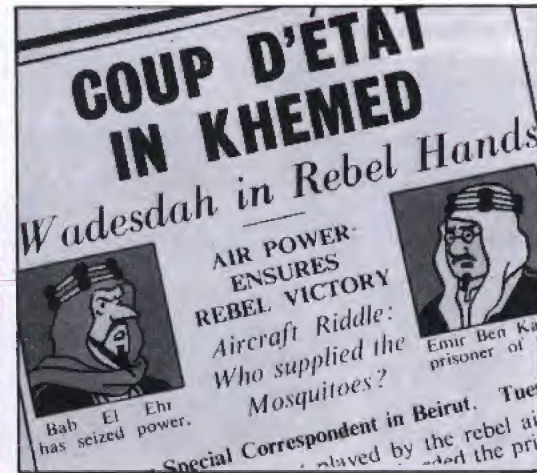
It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

You've said it! ... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?





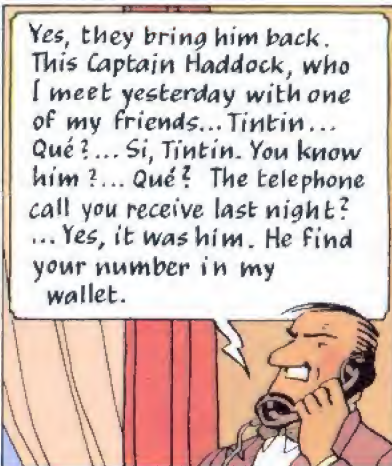
A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Who's that?...
Oh, it's you, General...
What?... Oh, your wallet...
... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back.
This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin...
Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?
... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.

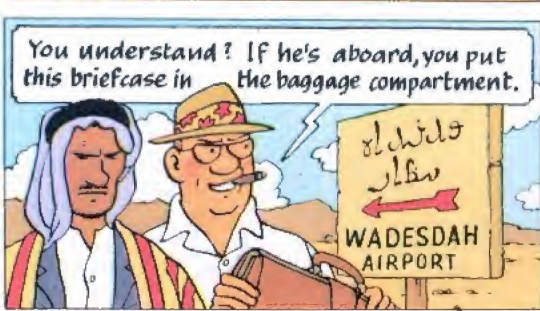
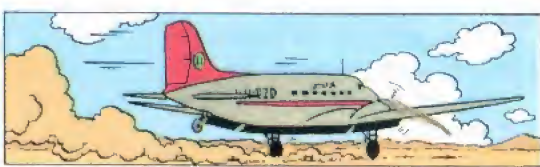


Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him...

The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



Here comes the plane from Beirut.

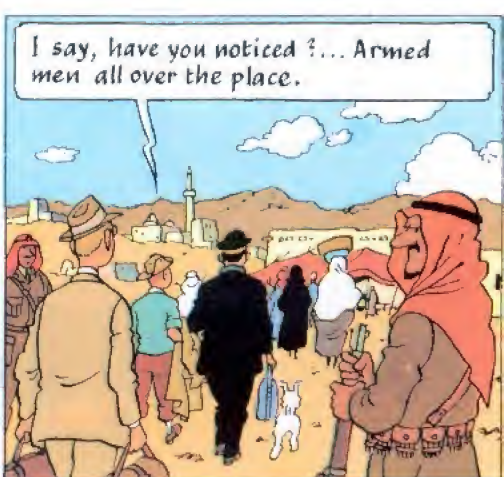


You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.

WADESDAH AIRPORT



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



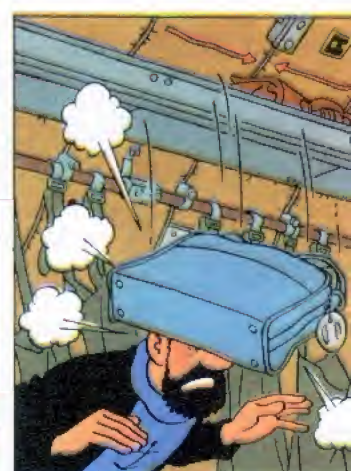
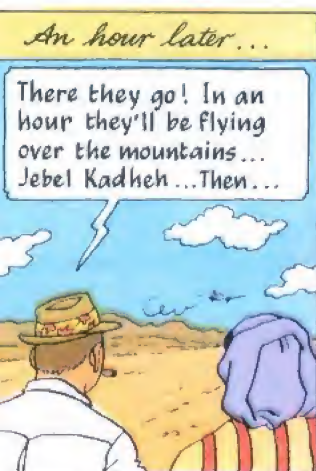
I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.





Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.



I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you...



WOOAH! WOOAH!



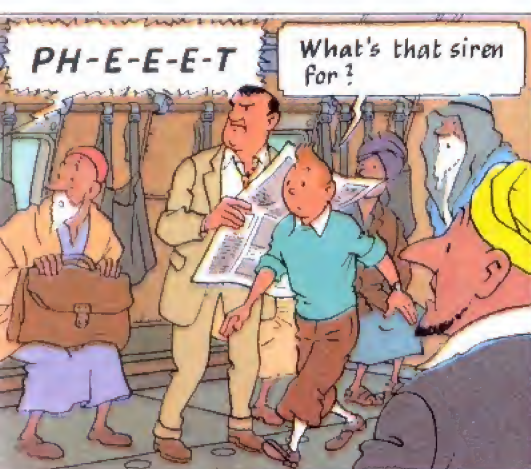
In there? It's the luggage. You want me to go in? All right, I'm coming.

Wooah! Wooah!



PH-E-E-E-T

?

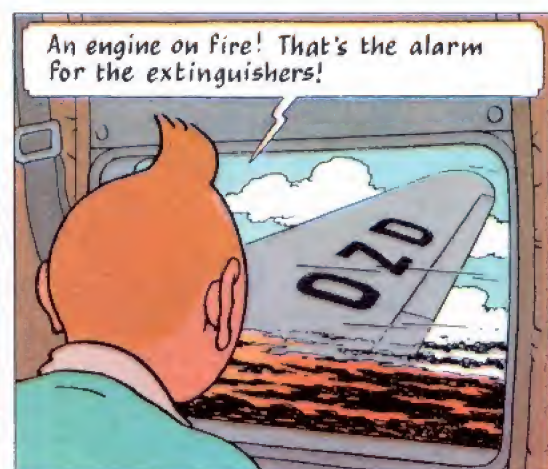


PH-E-E-E-T

What's that siren for?



الخربيقه



An engine on fire! That's the alarm for the extinguishers!



Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked; it's burning more fiercely than ever!

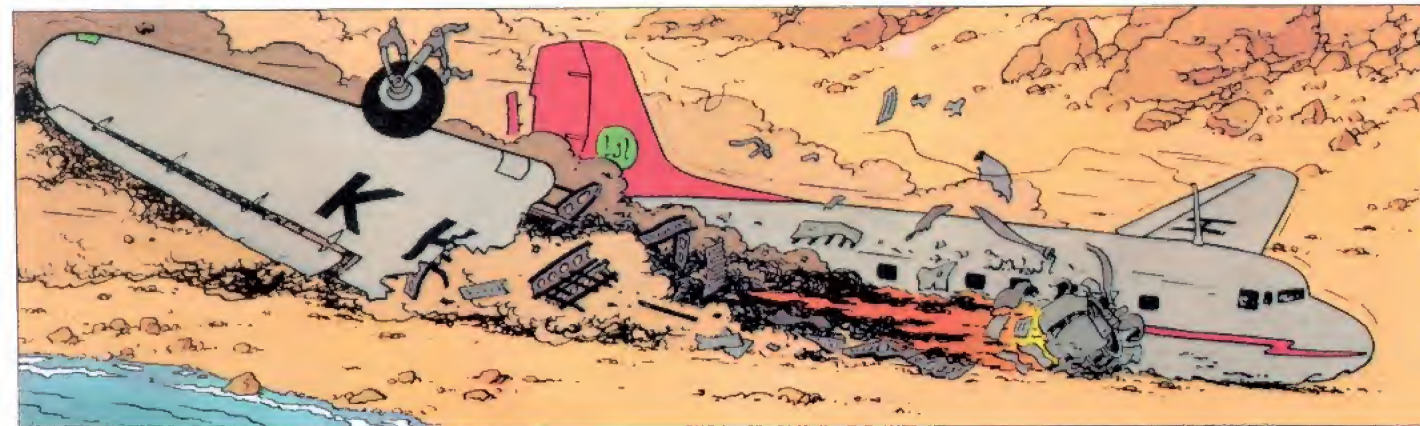
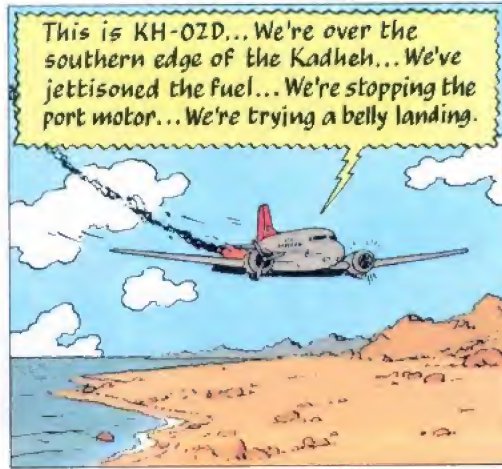


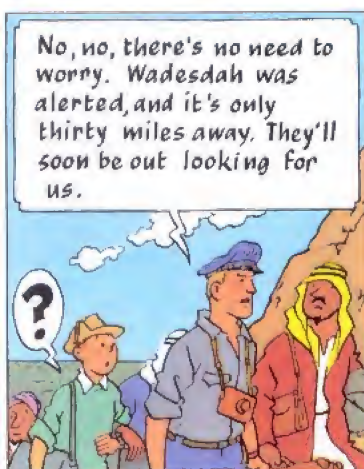
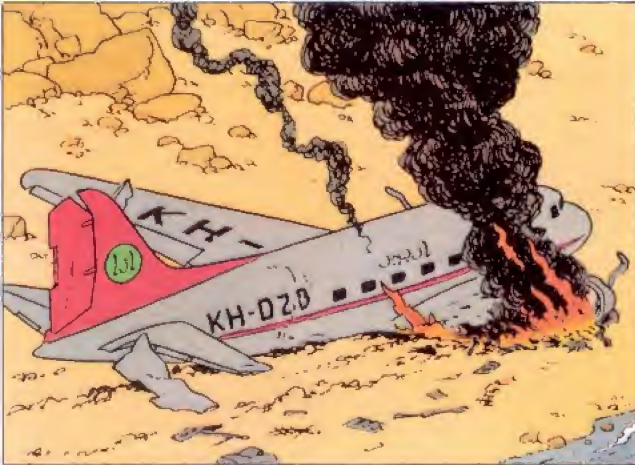
Wadesdah Tower...Wadesdah Tower...This is KH-OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.

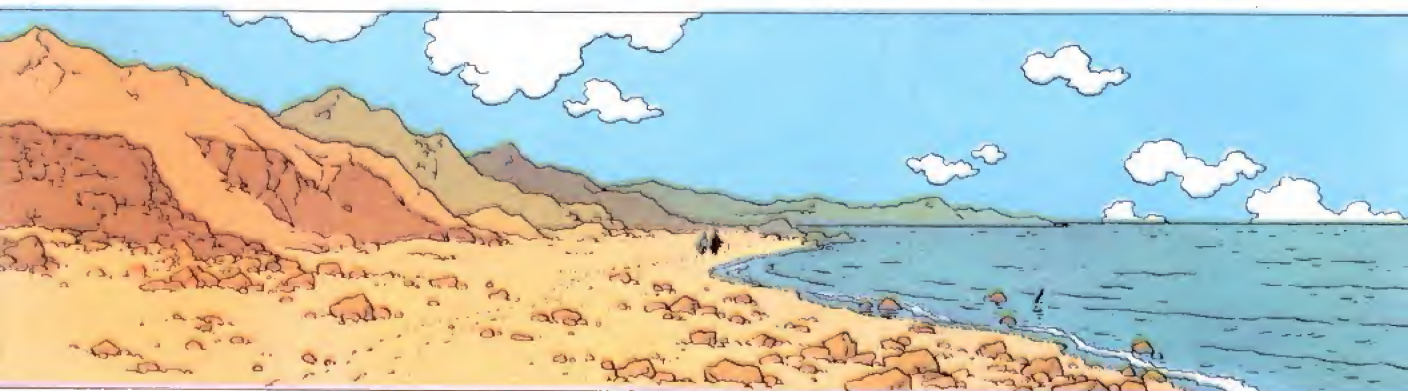
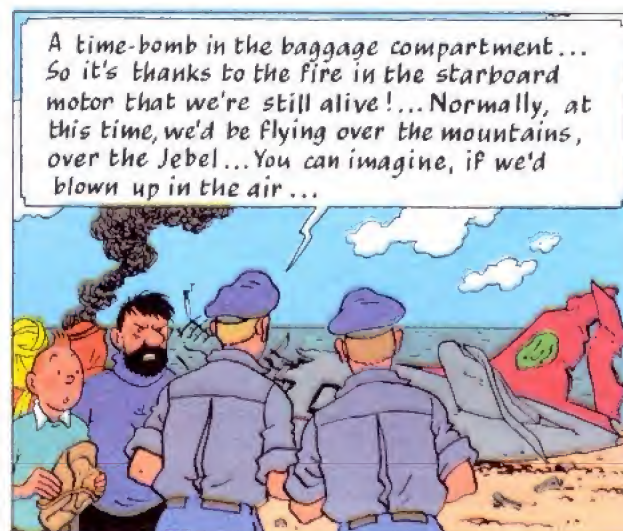
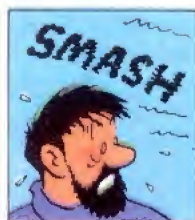
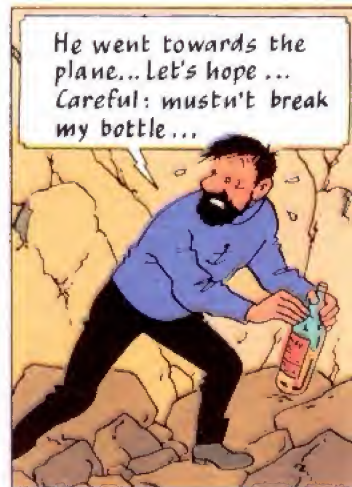


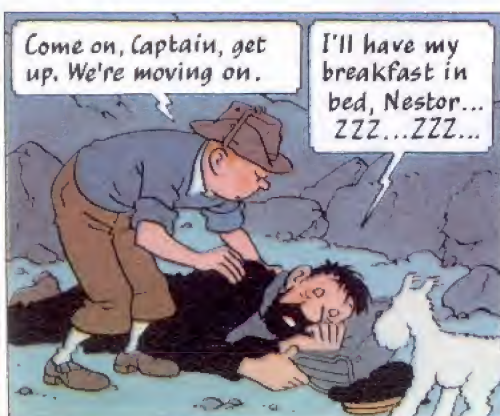
It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...

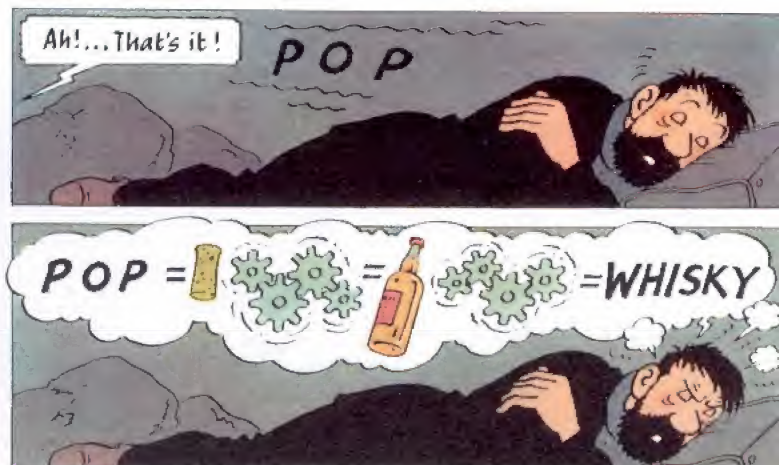
TICK TOCK
TICK TOCK
TICK TOCK
TICK TOCK

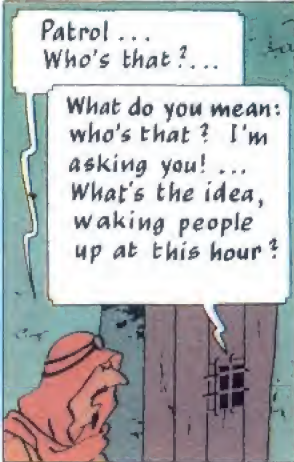












Patrol ...
Who's that?...

What do you mean:
who's that? I'm
asking you! ...
What's the idea,
waking people
up at this hour?



We can't help it if
you're a light
sleeper!

A light sleeper!
...What a nerve!
After all the row
you've been making!



Well, never mind! ...
Next time we'll walk
on our hands, to save
waking the most
noble Dom Oliveira!

I ... oh, go to the
devil!

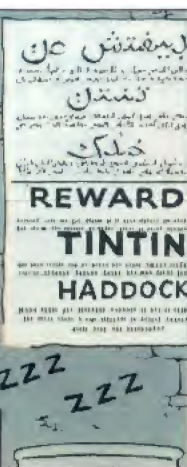


Just listen to that! There's one
we haven't woken up, anyway!
...What a din! ... Ha! ha! ha! ha!

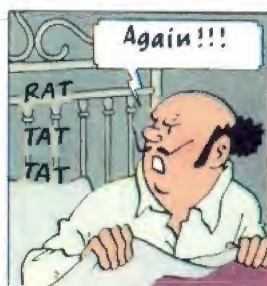
He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho!



Whew! They've
gone! That
gave me a fright!
Come on, Cap-
tain, stop snor-
ing for goodness
sake!



Again!!!



By the beard of your
Prophet, will you go away
and let me sleep!

Open the door,
Senhor Oliveira! It's
Tintin! Please open up!



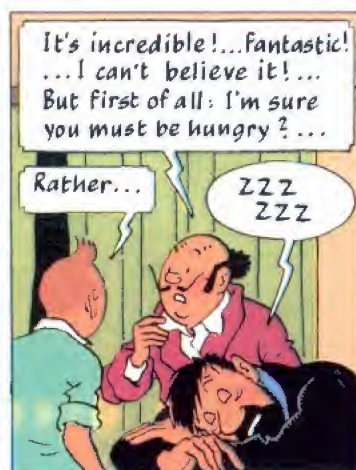
Tintin... You here! ...Come
in quickly... quickly!



What are you doing here?
Don't you know there's a
price on your head?

I know... I've just
seen the poster.

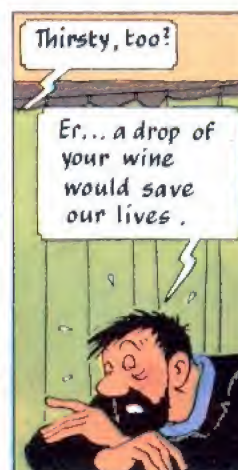
Goodnight,
everybody.



It's incredible!...Fantastic!
...I can't believe it! ...
But first of all: I'm sure
you must be hungry? ...

Rather...

ZZZ
ZZZ



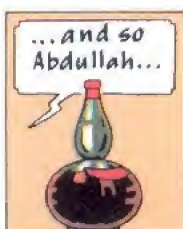
Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of
your wine
would save
our lives.



Now then, tell me what
you're doing in
Khemed.

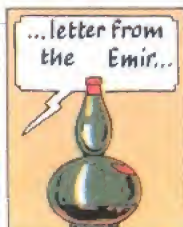
It's like this ...



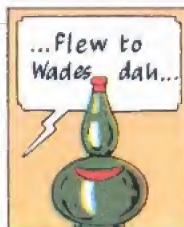
...and so
Abdullah...



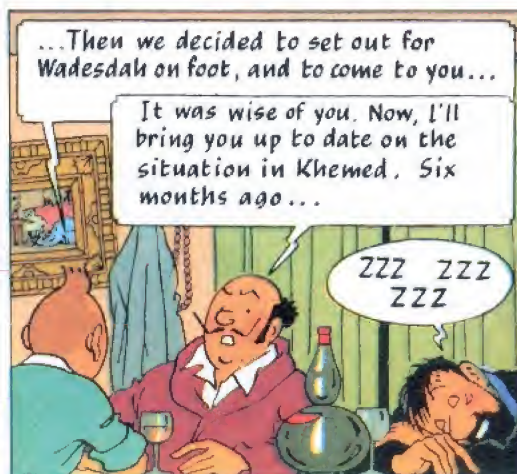
...aircraft
for sale...



...letter from
the Emir...



...Flew to
Wades dah...



...Then we decided to set out for
Wadesdah on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll
bring you up to date on the
situation in Khemed. Six
months ago...

ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ



ACTION STATIONS!



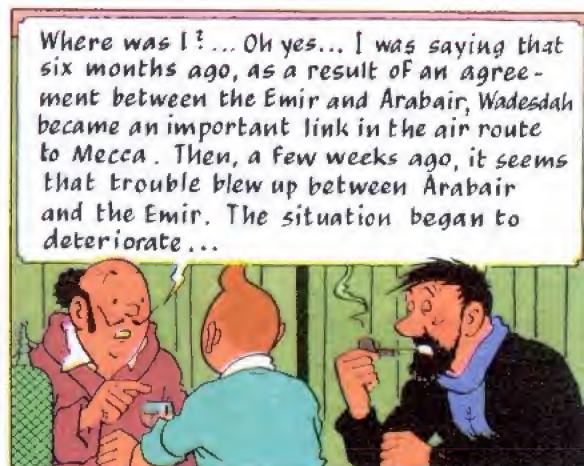
I... What was that?... Er...
Forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

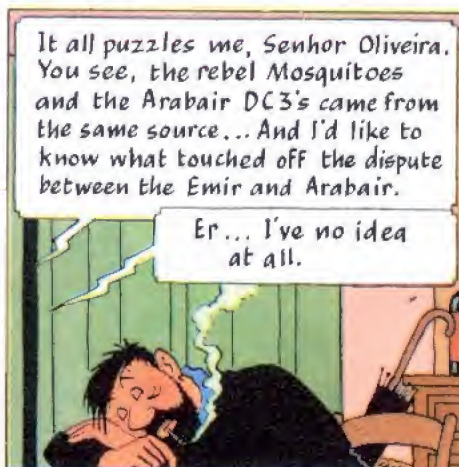
Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...

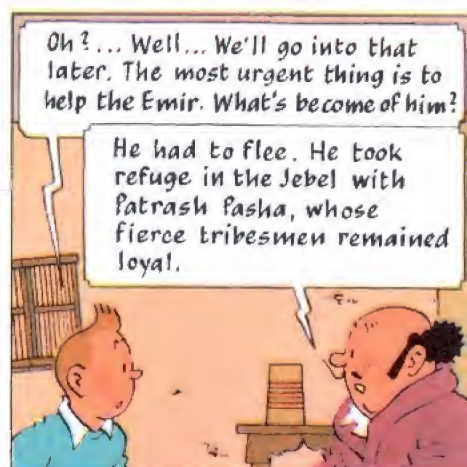


... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.



Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Patrash Pasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.

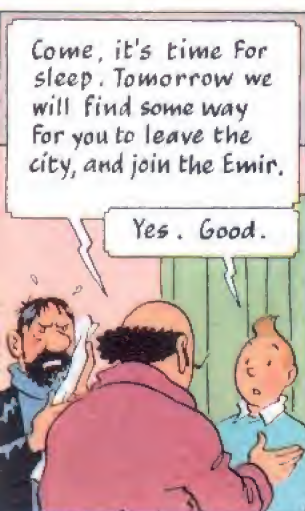


HAAAAH!...



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.



Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



Two days later...

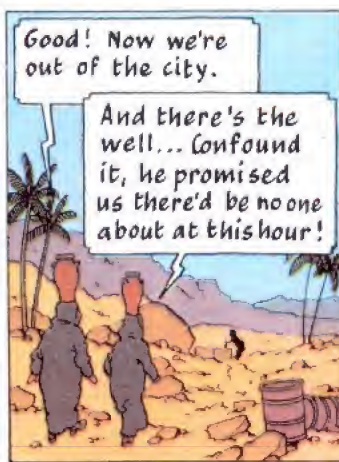
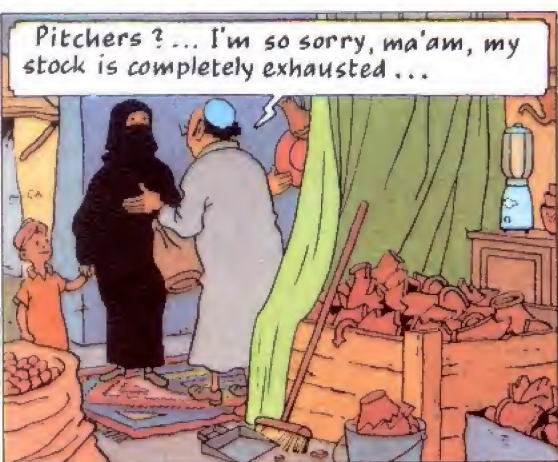
D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

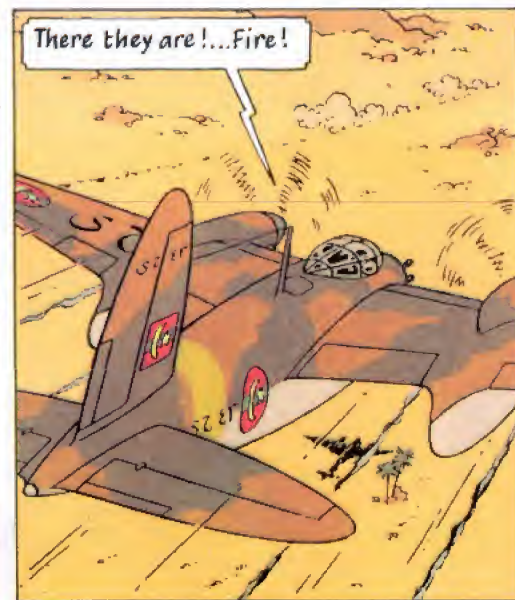
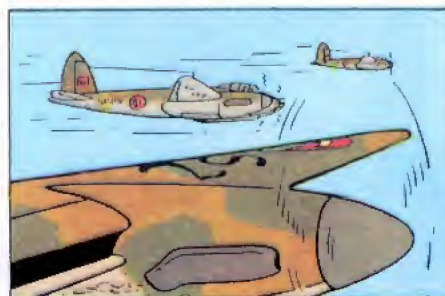
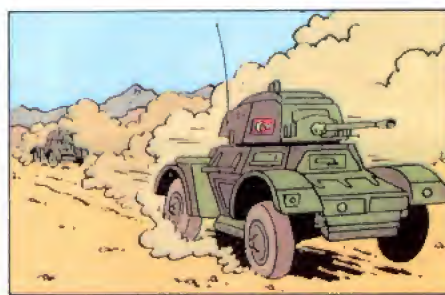
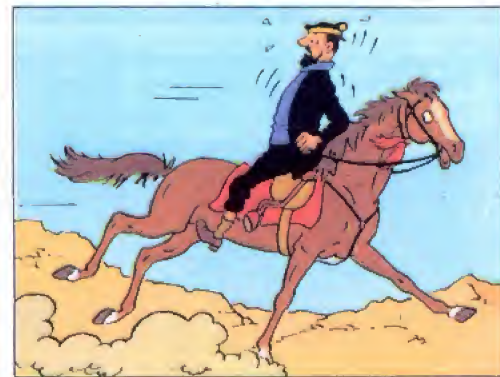
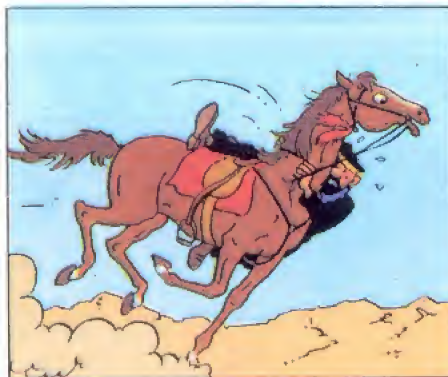
I know...
Keep calm!

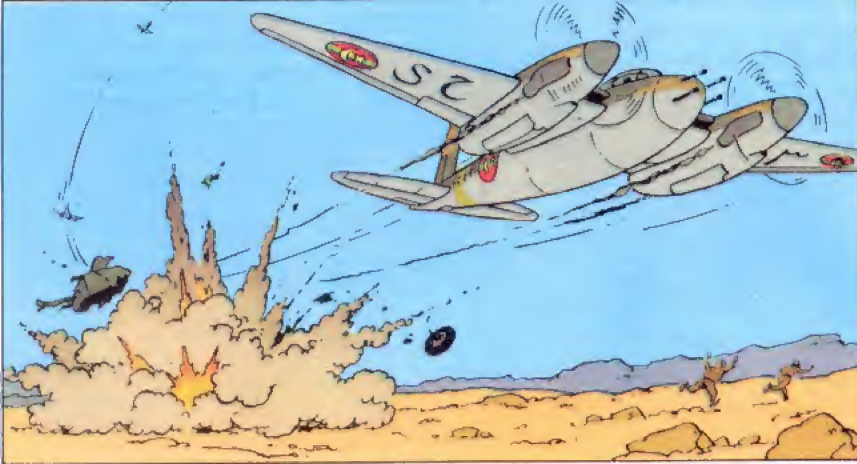


**TEN
THOU...**

?





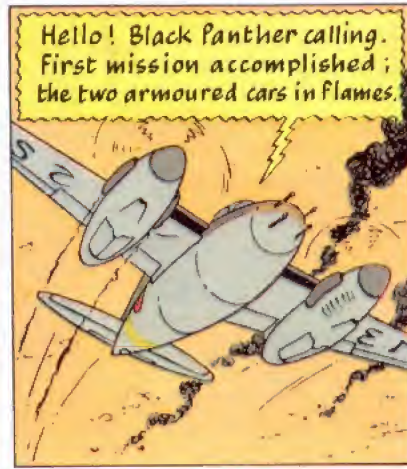


Oh!... Listen!... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.

BOM BOM
RAT TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT



Our own aircraft!
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.
First mission accomplished;
the two armoured cars in flames.



Hello, yes... Ah,
mission accomplished.
... Excellent... The
two armoured cars
destroyed?...
Congratulations,
Colonel Achmed. Real
aces, your pilots!



The armoured...
WHAT?...



Quick, put me
back to Colonel
Achmed... Ah,
it's you... Er...
I think I mis-
understood. You
didn't say that
the armoured cars
...



...were destroyed.
... Yes, just as you
ordered. I've
already passed
on your con-
gratulations to
the pilots...
Pardon? ...



What?? I ordered
it???... You bungling
oaf! Only the horse-
men were to be
wiped out!



... Military
tribunal...
Court-martial
... Dismissed...
Reduced to
the ranks...

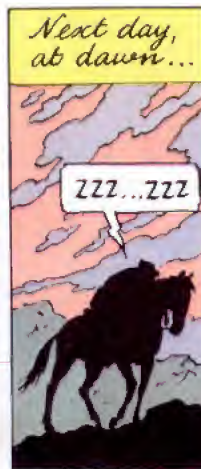


Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be
surprised if
they're looking
for us.



Whew! They've gone
over. Into the saddle:
we've a long way to go.



Next day,
at dawn...

zzz...zzz



Careful!... Every man pick his target!

ZZZZ

HALT!

Friends!... Friends!... Don't shoot!

Friends?... We will soon see... Give the password!

The camels bark... er, no... The dogs bark and the camels pass.

Good... Come forward. Who are these strangers?

Friends of Ben Kalish Ezab. They have travelled far to see him.

That is good. We will take them before him.

These holes in the rock? ... Yes, I noticed them. They look like windows. It wouldn't surprise me if there were people living inside.

Nonsense! They couldn't possibly. Still, we'll soon find out...

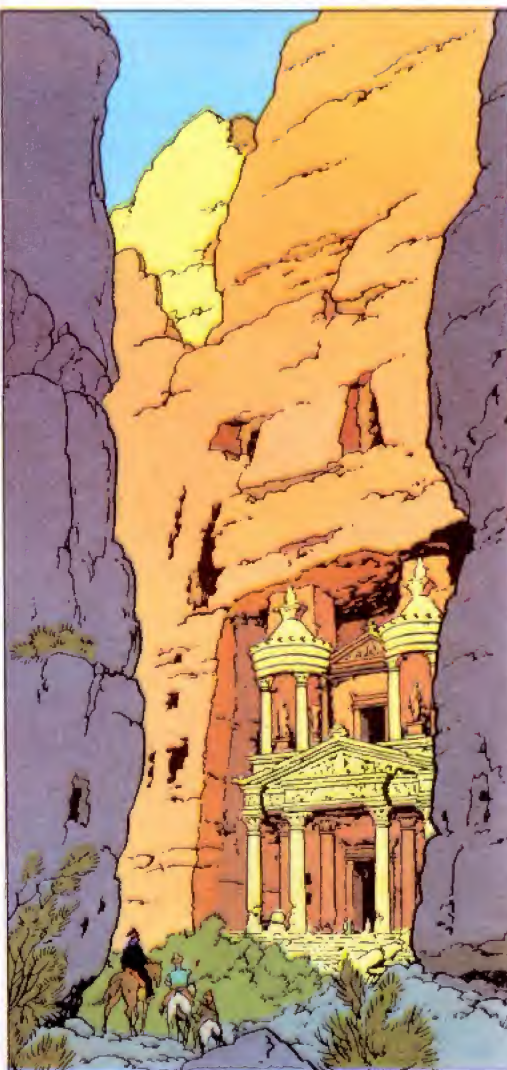
Living in there! That's a good one!

بخت شي نزيه اكر شويته ما

Beg pardon, ma'am!

All right. People do live there...

I... Oh, look there!



Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!



We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.



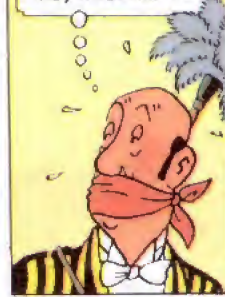
Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha! ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

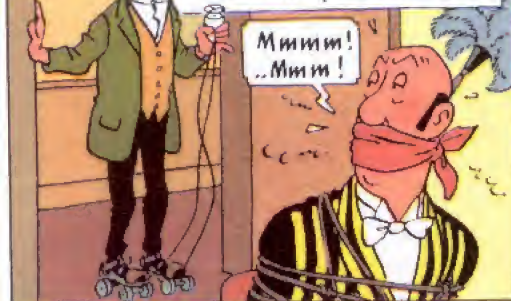


Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmm!... Mmm!



It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mm!



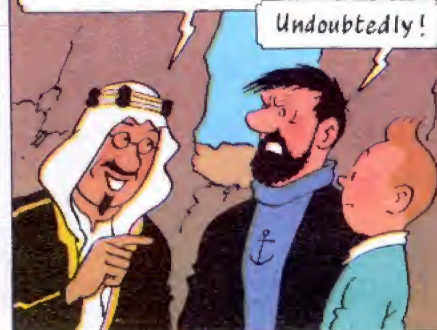
For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!

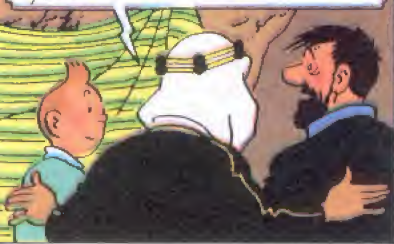


But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop!? But Highness...



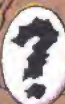
Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...

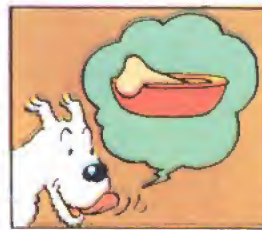
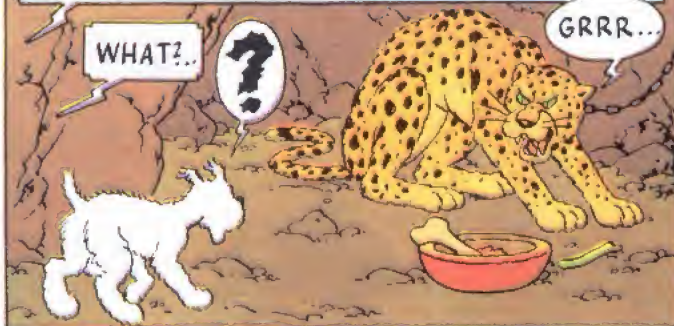


Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



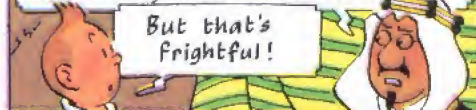
Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...

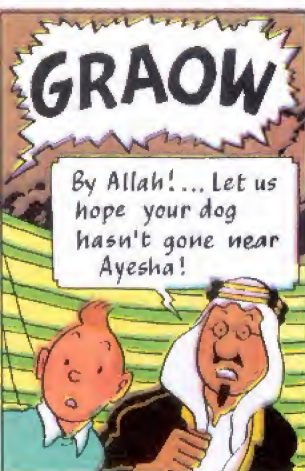


On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

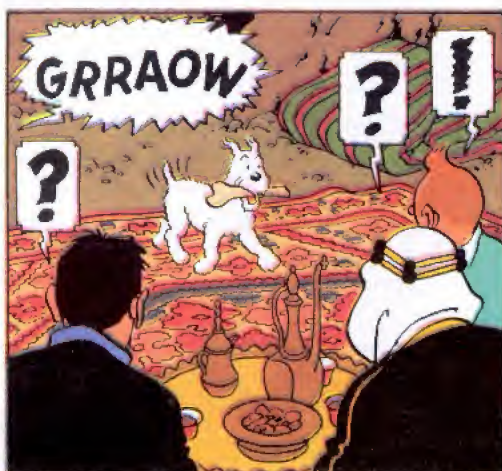
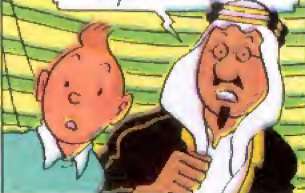
But that's frightful!

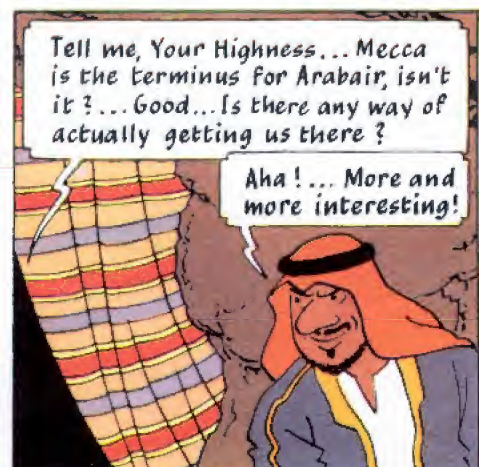
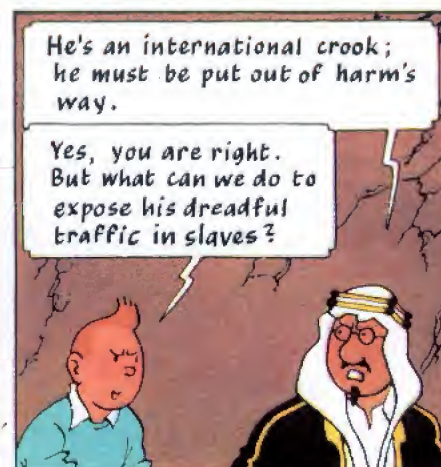
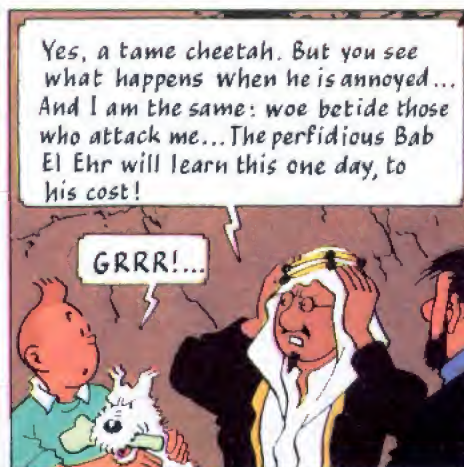


Er...Yes...But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!



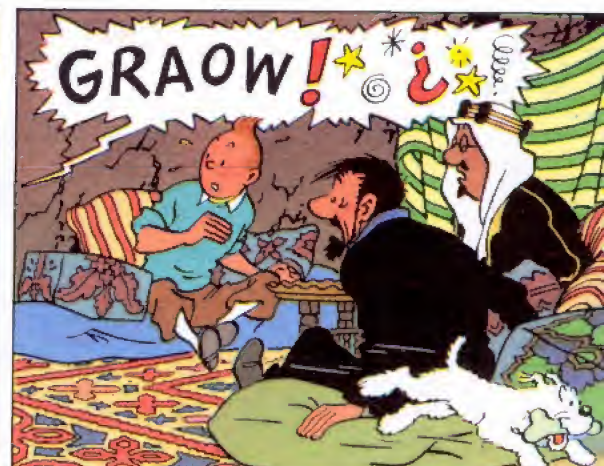


To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr...



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yussel, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.



Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.



Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!





By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...

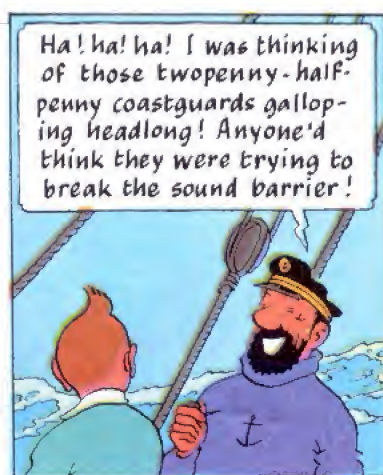


Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!



At dawn...

Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-half-penny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



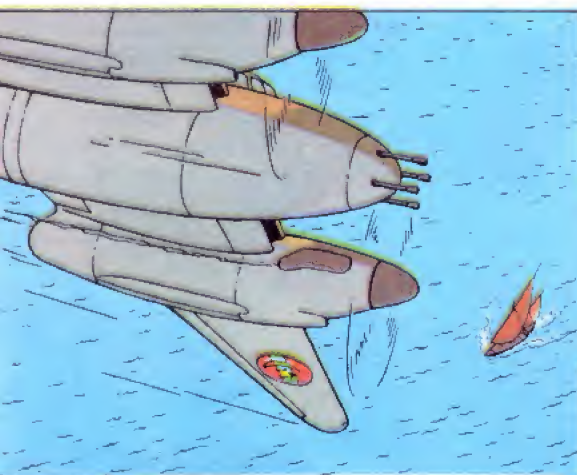
Not that, certainly, but...

But what?

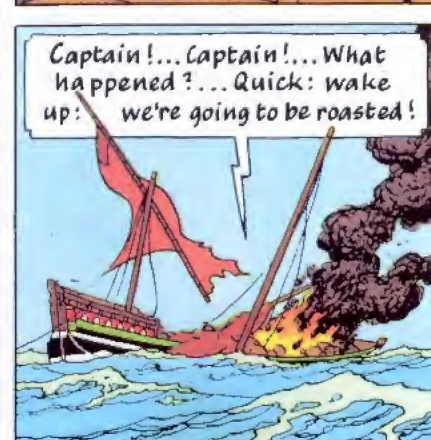
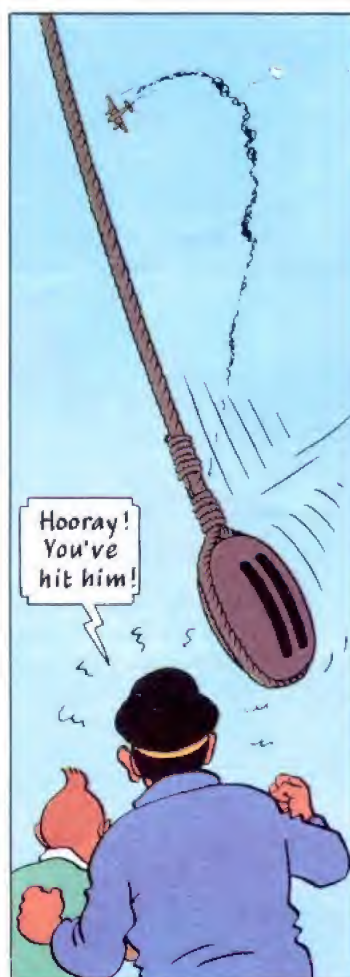
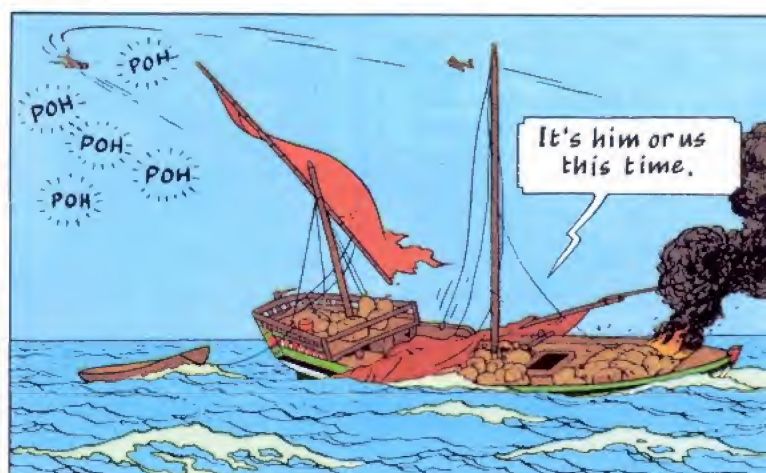
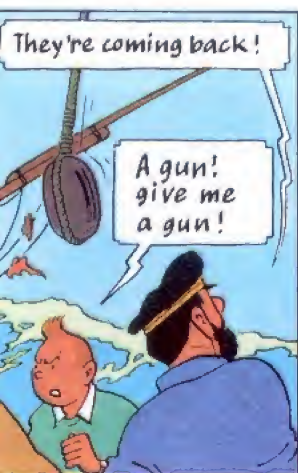
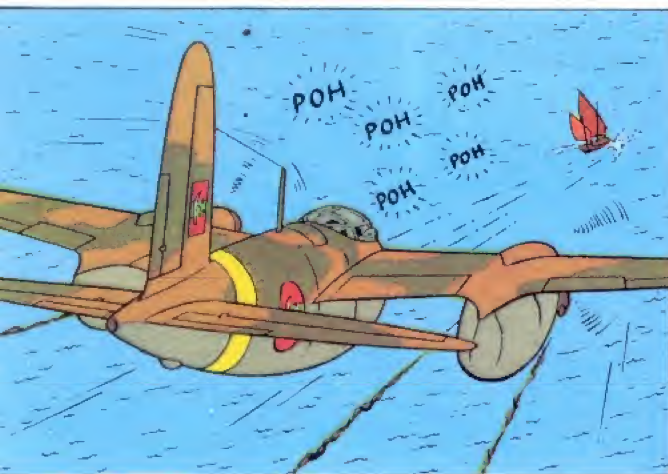
Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!



Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ...Everybody down!



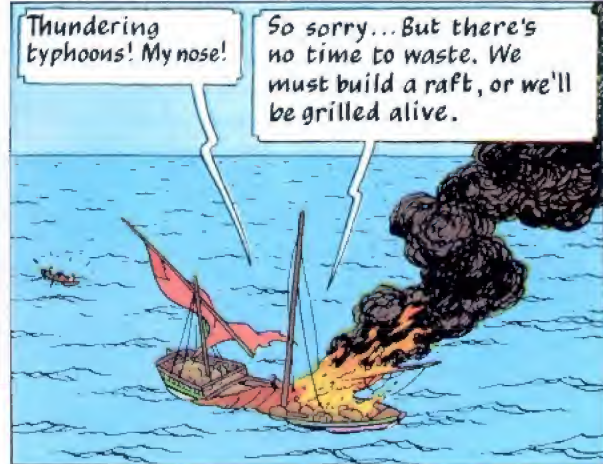


I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.



Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut...Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!

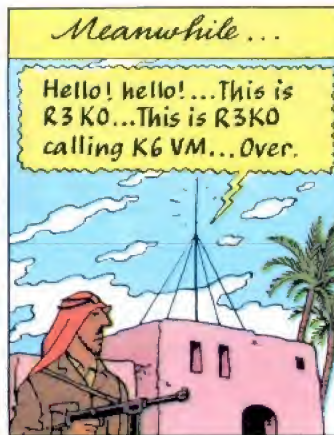


Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh?... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!

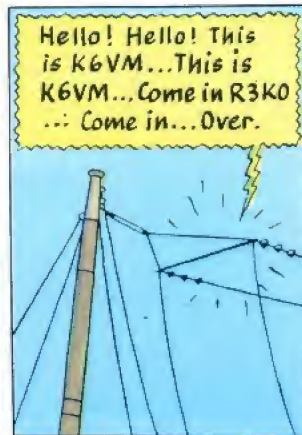


Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3 K0... This is R3 K0 calling K6 VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6 VM... This is K6 VM... Come in R3 K0... Come in... Over.



Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

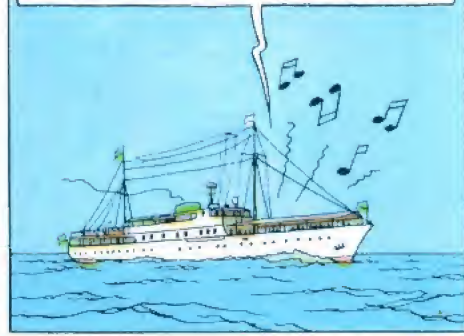
But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

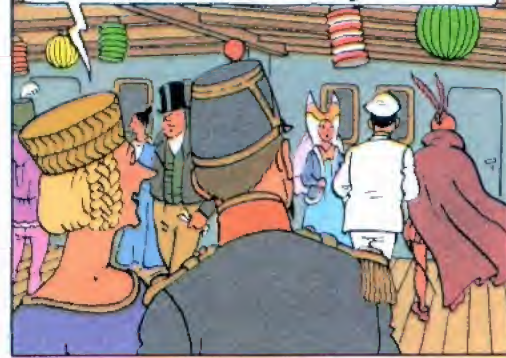


You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



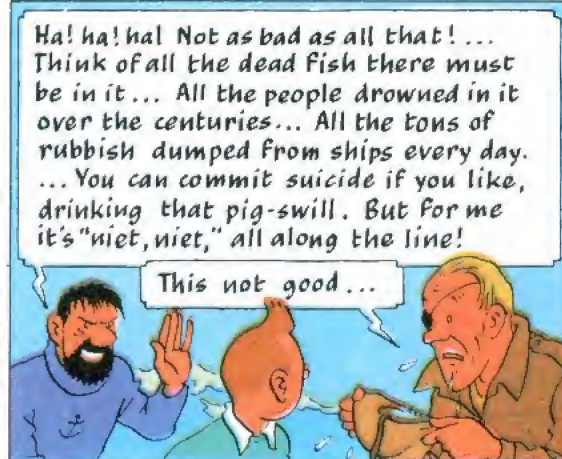
If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.





Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good...



Besides... Besides...



Besides... Besides...



YIPPEEE



There!... A ship!... Saved!



A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



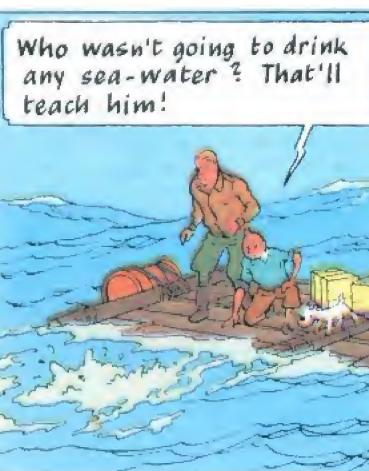
Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!



SPLOSH



Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!

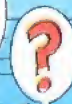


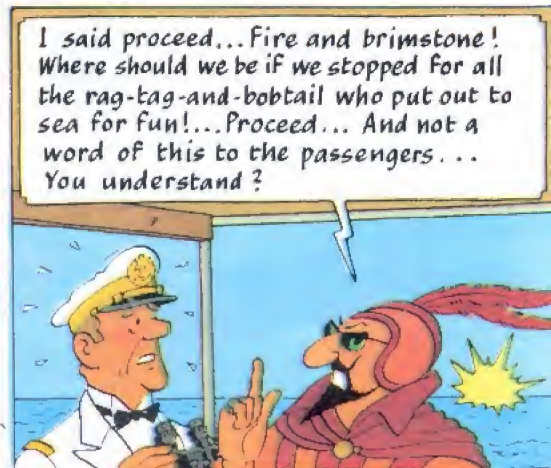
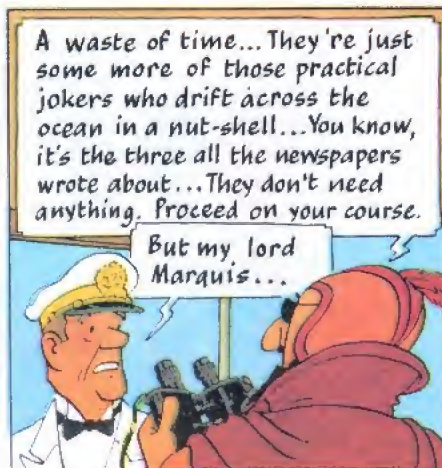
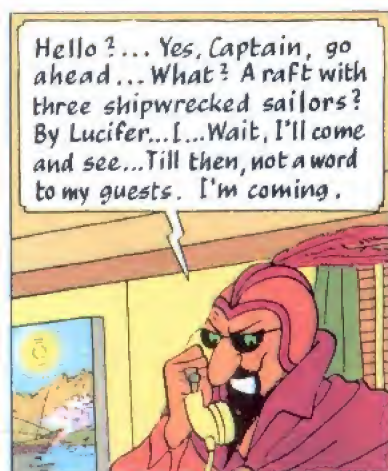
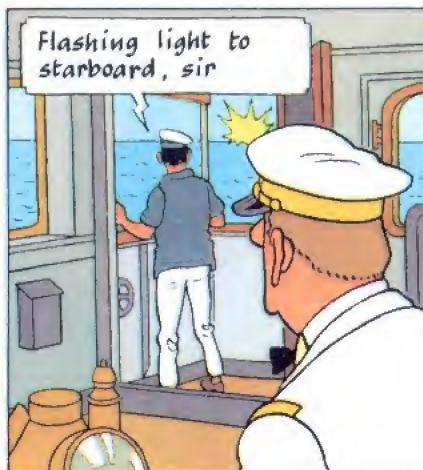
So you decided to have some after all!

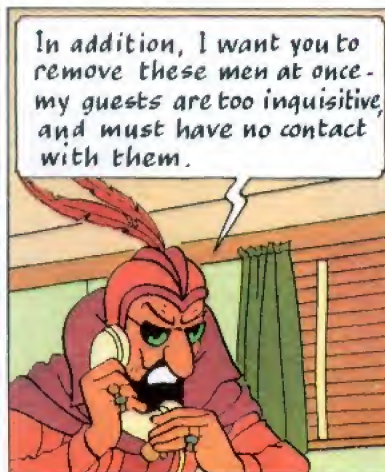
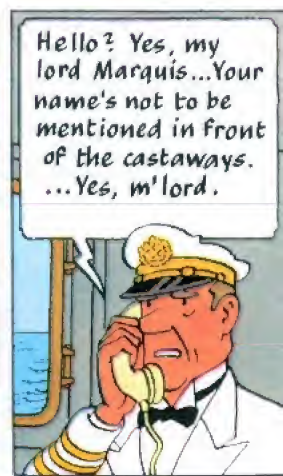
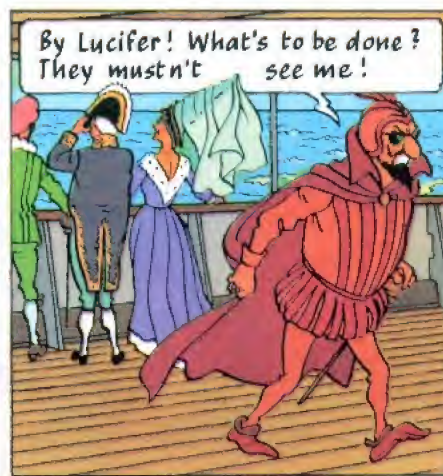
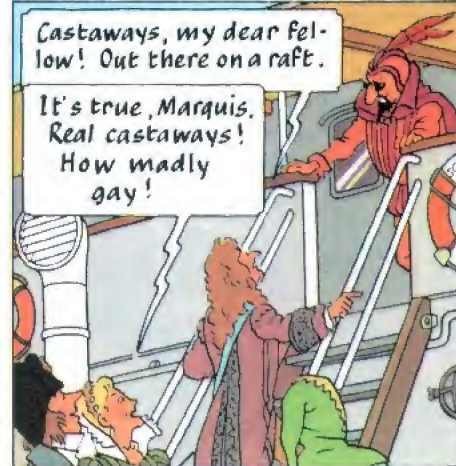
Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... Glub!



Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go! ...

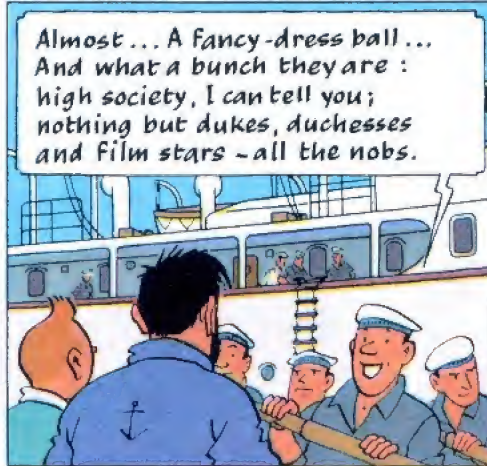








Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nob's.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marguis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



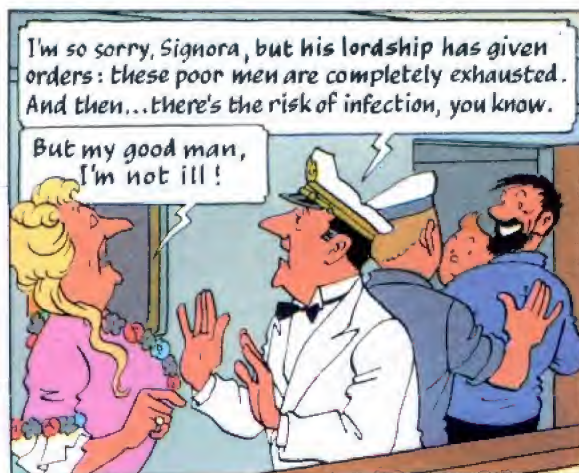
Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



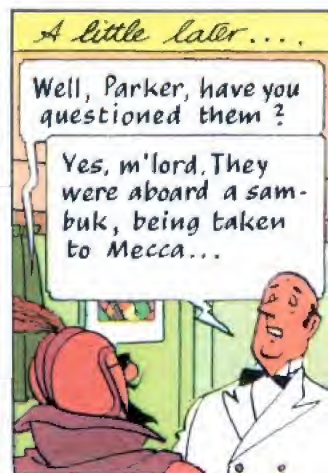
Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er... Harrock.

...n roll, Signora Castoroli, Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection, you know.

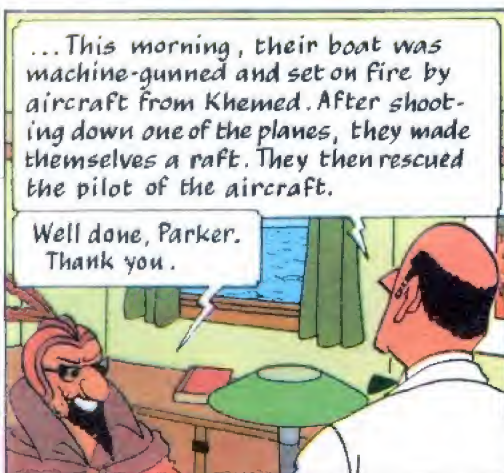
But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

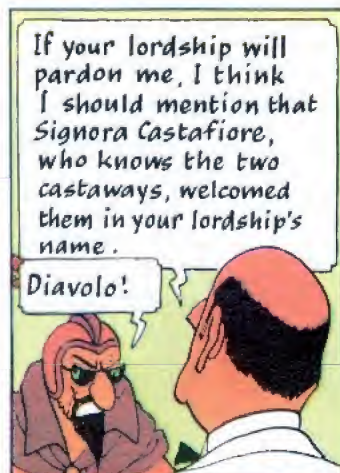
Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



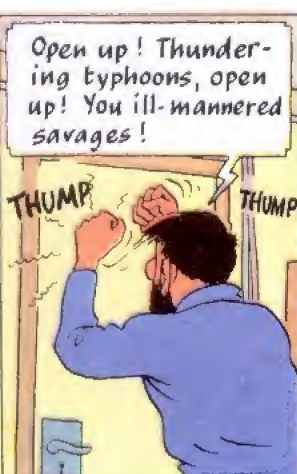
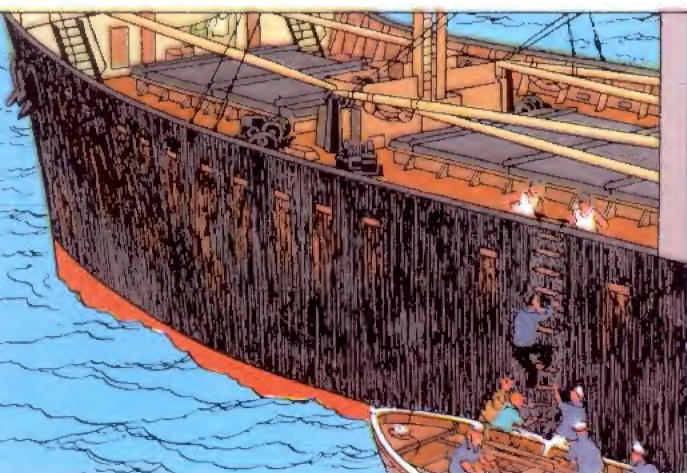
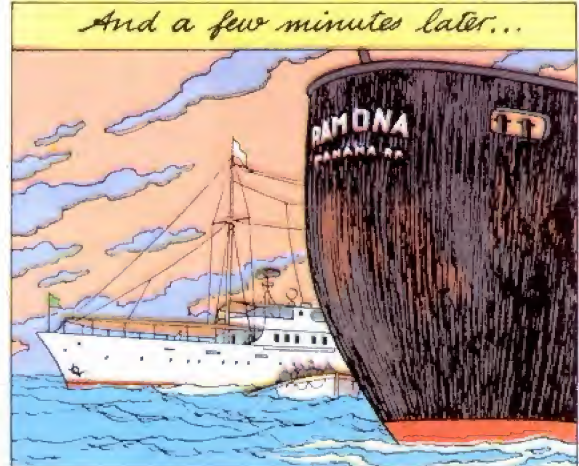
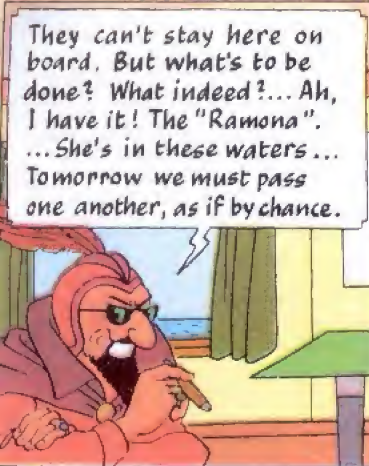
If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marguis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

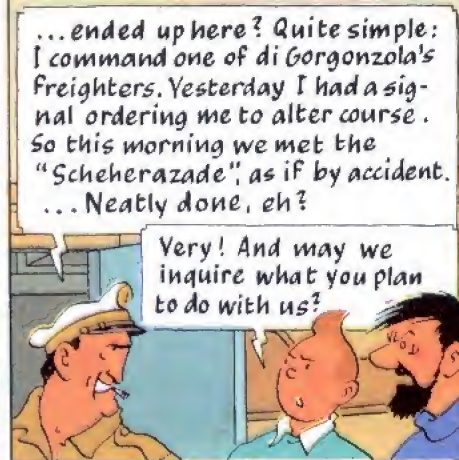
Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!





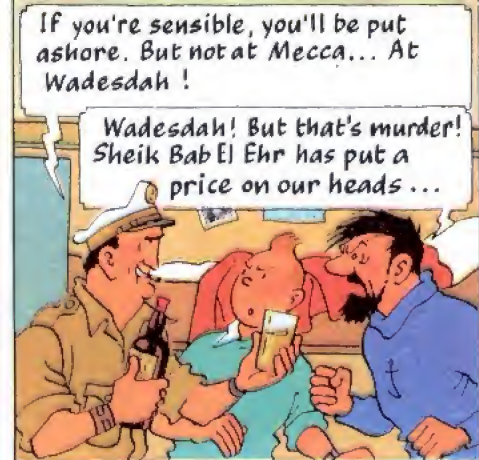
This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.

Allan! What's going on? How have we ...



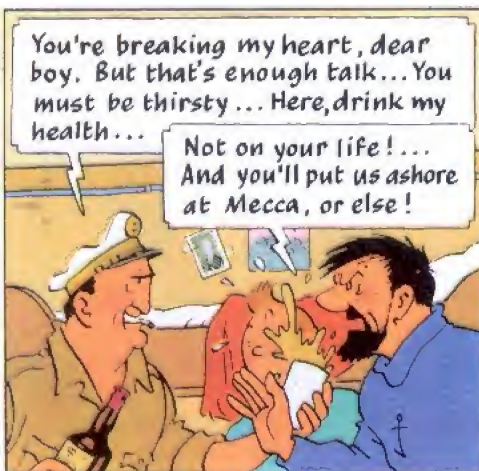
... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's Freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?

Very! And may we inquire what you plan to do with us?



If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

Wadesdah! But that's murder! Sheik Bab El Ehr has put a price on our heads ...



You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life!... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!



Or else what?... Ha! ha! ha! ... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me?... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.



'Bye for now!... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?



Ha! ha! ha!... That's a good one! His beard!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink tonight!



Over?... No, not that way...

Under?... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!



Stay!... Once a drunkard...

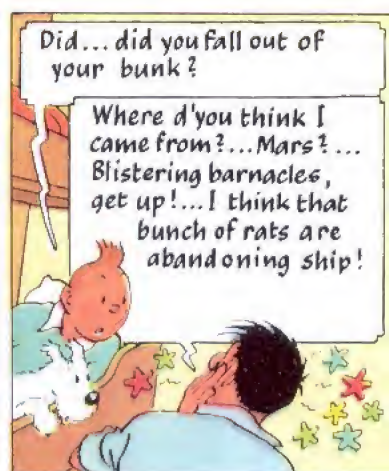
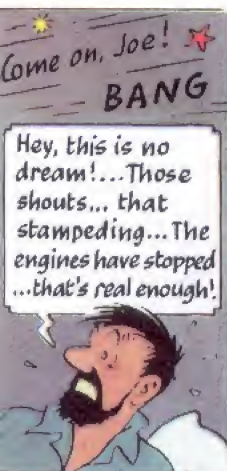
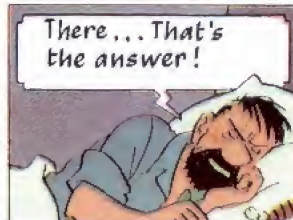
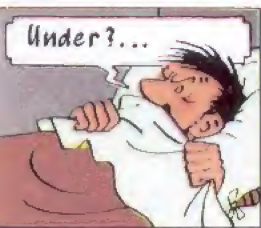
... always a drunkard!



Go on! Just a little sip...

Well, why not?







Wreckers!... Pirates!... Fili-busters!... Picaroons! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up for 'ard.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!



HEY! HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI! EFFENDI!

There's someone in the hold!... What the...?!



Who are you, below there?



We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid...



Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.

You're right. Come on.



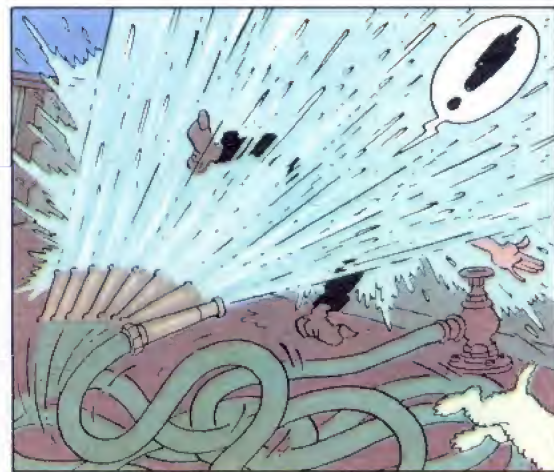
We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!



Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.

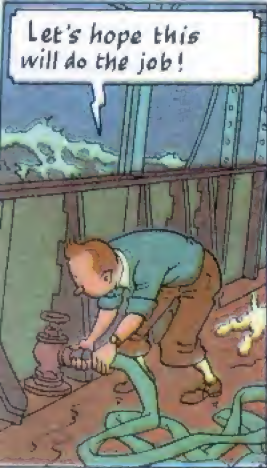


Blub... I... blub... I've got it, Cap... blub...

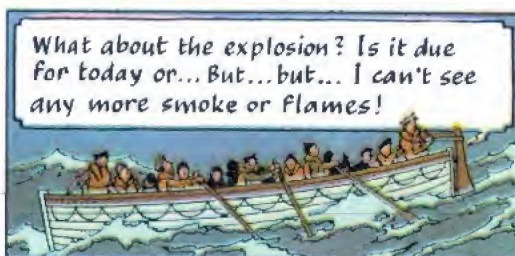
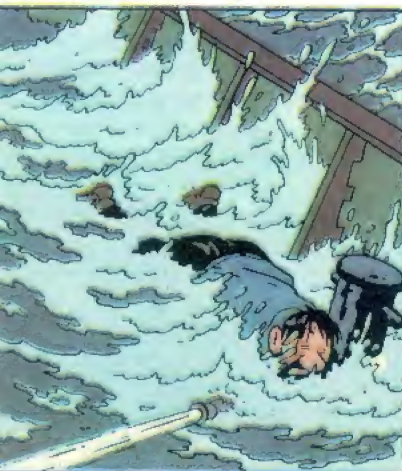


Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.





Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But...but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out ... A huge wave ... I was very nearly washed overboard ...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all ...

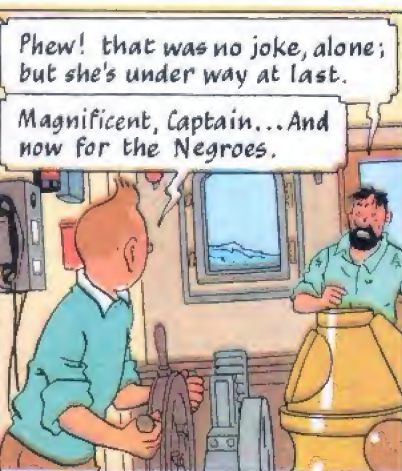


... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

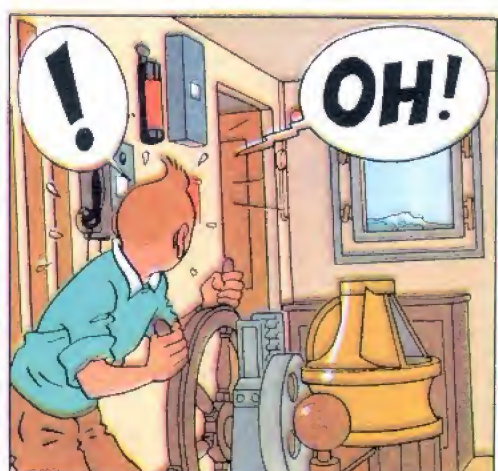


Phew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!



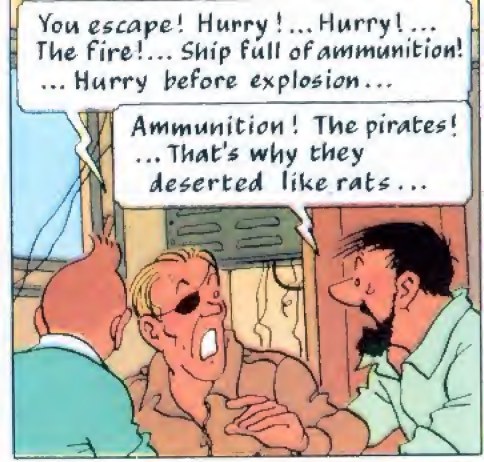
Look!

Skut!... Dead?



No, he's alive... See, he's coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man, say something! What happened?



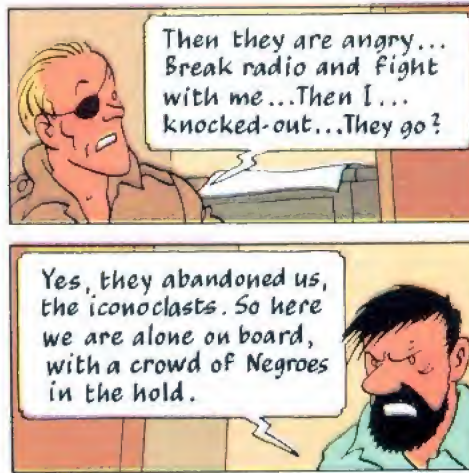
You escape! Hurry!... The fire!... Ship full of ammunition! ... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates! ... That's why they deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out. There's no more danger... But what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with them... Without you... I refuse ... I want to...er... wake you ... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry... Break radio and fight with me... Then I... knocked-out... They go?

Yes, they abandoned us, the iconoclasts. So here we are alone on board, with a crowd of Negroes in the hold.



You like... I can help you. ... Repair radio, perhaps, send S.O.S. ...

Good idea... Do that... I'm going to make sure there's no further danger.



A little later...

No more need to worry, youngster: the fire is right out.



Now I'll take care of those Negroes. First, to let them out ...



Save poor Muslim!

Me ill. Me dying.

All right! I'm coming now!



Hey there! ... Let go of me!! ... **HELP, TINTIN!...HELP!**



Troglodytes! ... Sea-gherkins! ... Pickled herrings! Leave me alone!

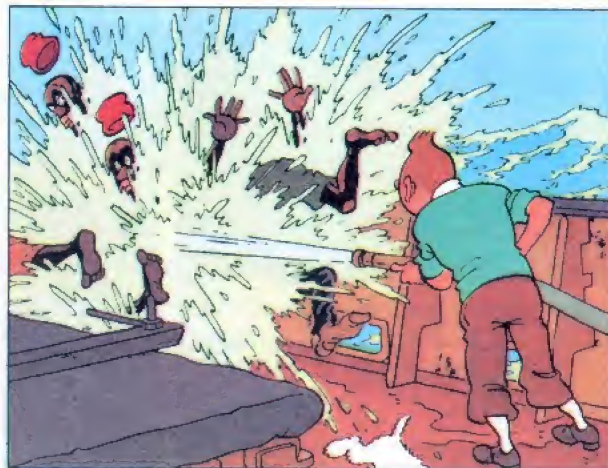


Back, visigoths! ... Back, anacolutions!



Hang on, Captain! ... I'm coming! ...

All right! I'm here!



So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.



Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it!

You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca...on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



Me, Effendi...

Me...

Me...

Me, Effendi...



Two days later...

There. If my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!

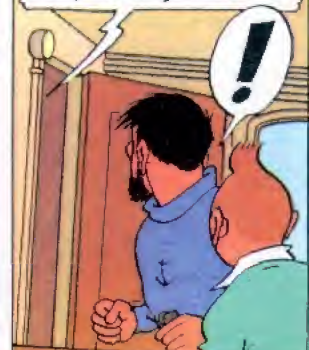


Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...



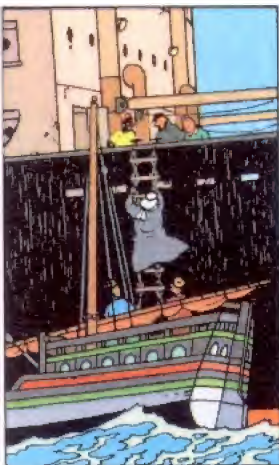
Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us...



So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?



How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



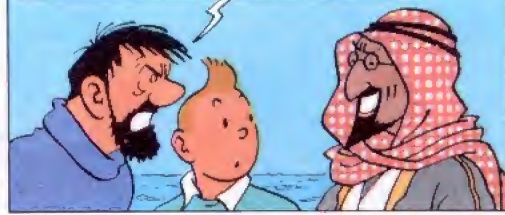
Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone.
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke?? Again? Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



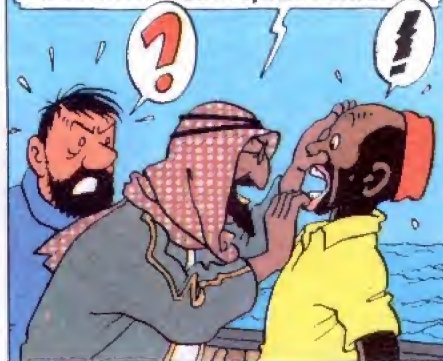
No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Come here, you.

Yes,
Effendi.



Here, have you quite finished play-
ing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

Ssh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.

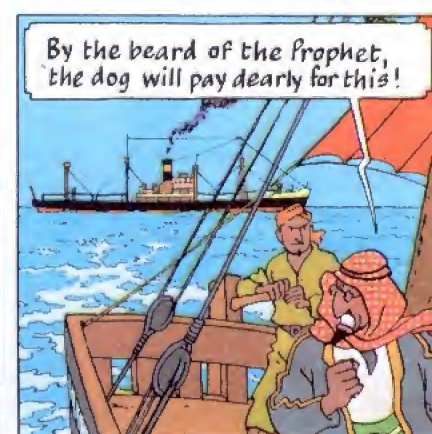
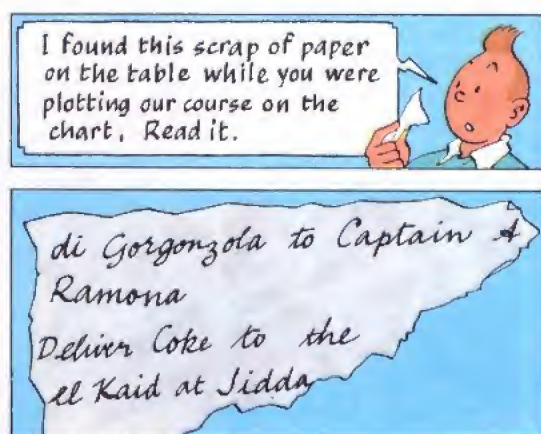
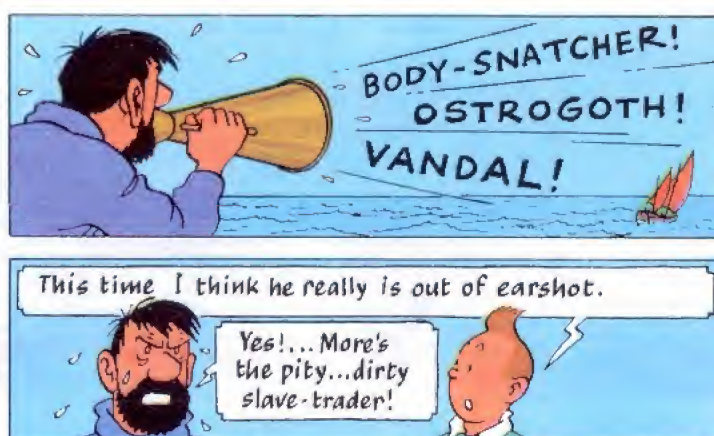
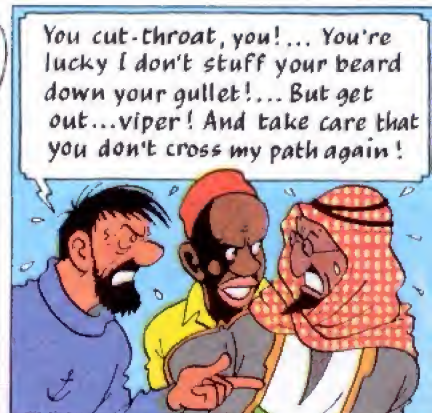
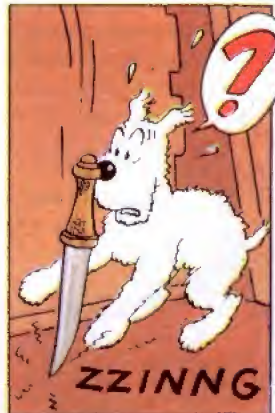


Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!
... Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan! ... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed...Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My Friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?

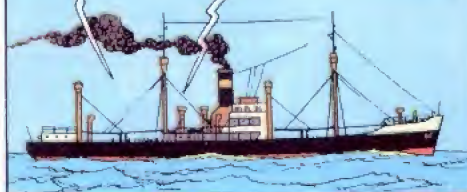


You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!



We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!





Emyny sofoyi
ooiboo-yi
konychééré!

Yirō!

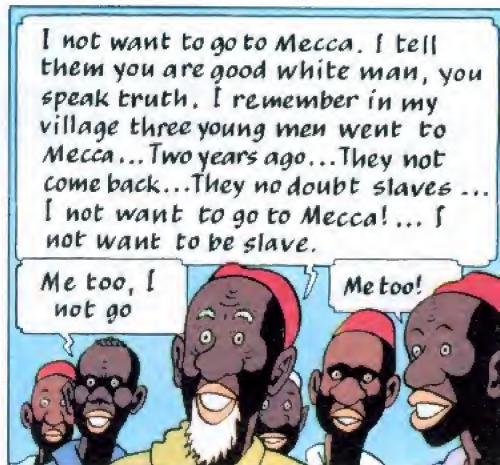
Beyni!

Loyotō!

?



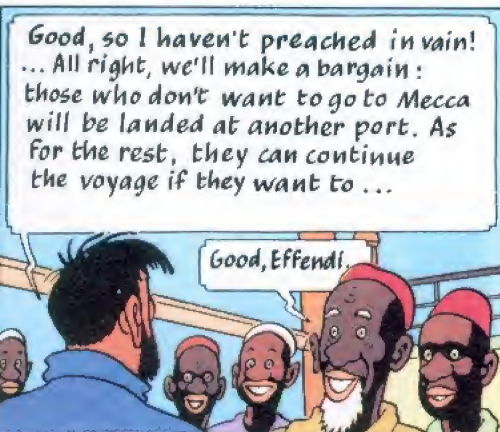
Now then... What's going on?...
Why all the quarrelling?



I not want to go to Mecca. I tell
them you are good white man, you
speak truth. I remember in my
village three young men went to
Mecca... Two years ago... They not
come back... They no doubt slaves ...
I not want to go to Mecca! ... I
not want to be slave.

Me too, I
not go

Me too!



Good, so I haven't preached in vain!
... All right, we'll make a bargain:
those who don't want to go to Mecca
will be landed at another port. As
for the rest, they can continue
the voyage if they want to ...

Good, Effendi.



The next morning...

There... the day after
tomorrow we'll be at
Djibouti, and that'll be
the end of our worries...



Yes, if all goes well! I shan't be
really happy till we get there. You
can bet that at this very moment
di Gorgonzola is aware of the
situation. And he knows that we
know... Watch out for what he's
cooking up!...



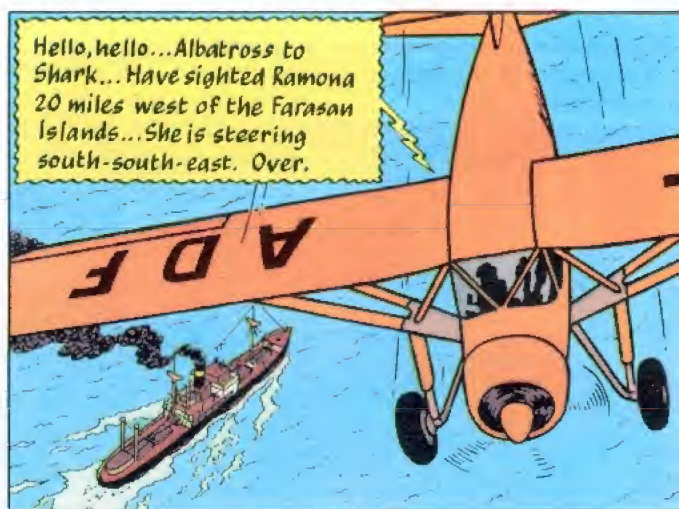
BRRRRR

?

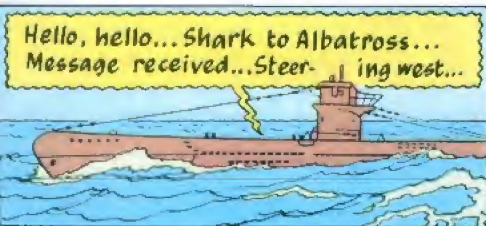
!



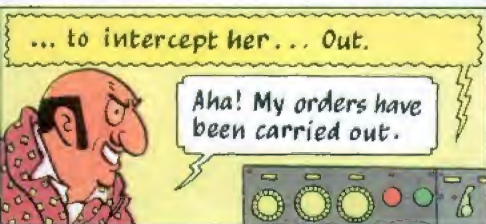
An aeroplane... They're
circling us... how odd ...



Hello, hello... Albatross to
Shark... Have sighted Ramona
20 miles west of the Farasan
Islands... She is steering
south-south-east. Over.



Hello, hello... Shark to Albatross...
Message received... Steering west...



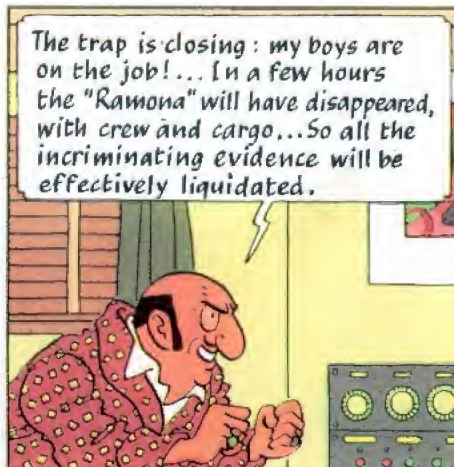
... to intercept her... Out.

Aha! My orders have
been carried out.

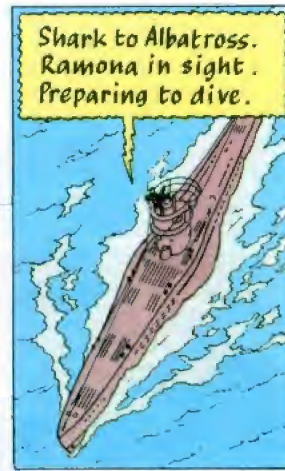
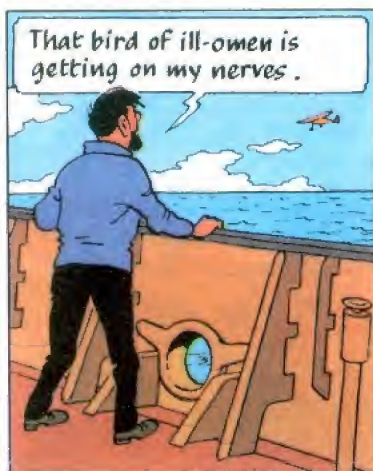
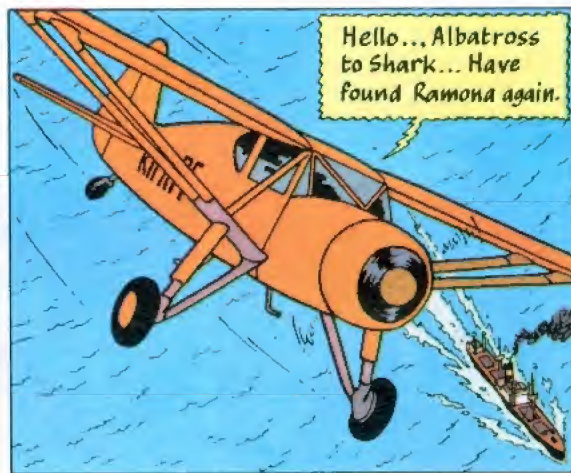
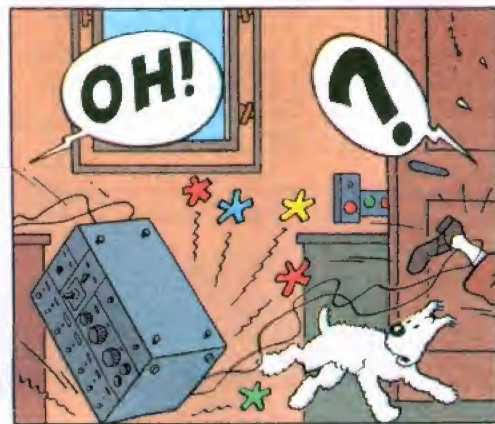


He's going off... I wonder
what he was up to.

I don't know, but I
don't much care for
that sort of visit.



The trap is closing: my boys are
on the job!... In a few hours
the "Ramona" will have disappeared,
with crew and cargo... So all the
incriminating evidence will be
effectively liquidated.





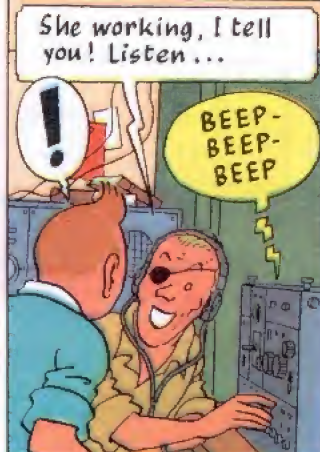
I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Ssh!



She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.

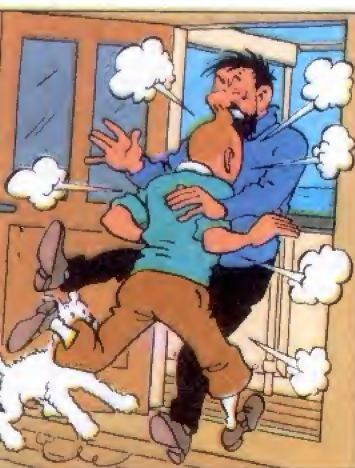


She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP



Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...

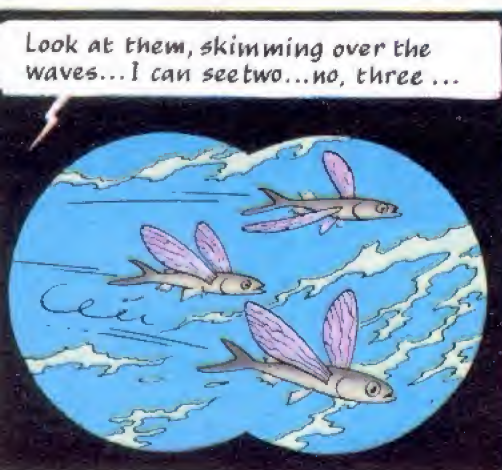


... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, plop - a flying-fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

Flying fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



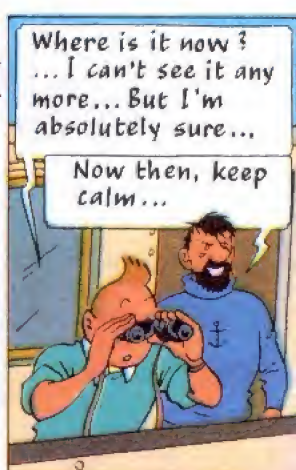
Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two...no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

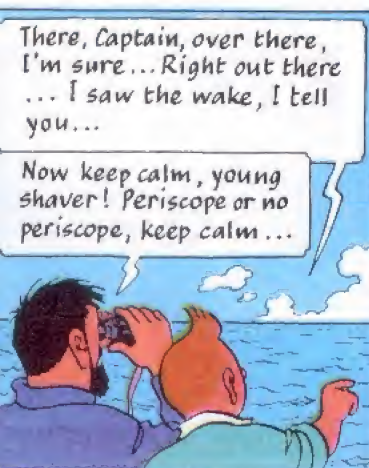


CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



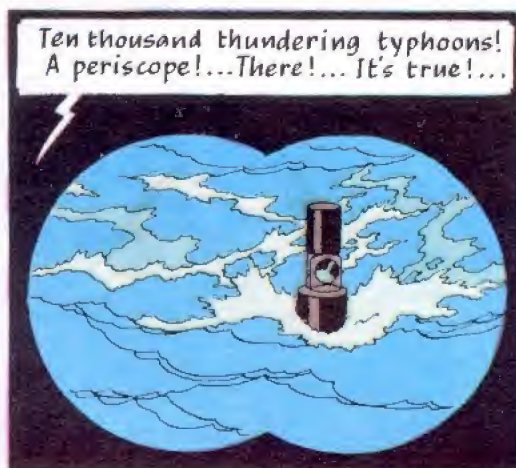
Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you...

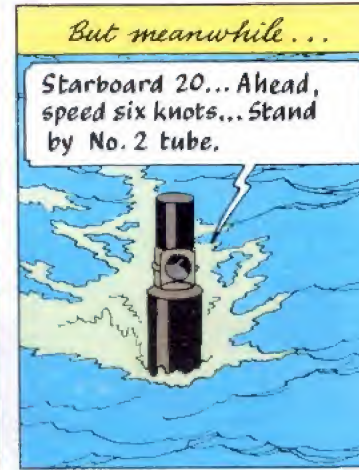
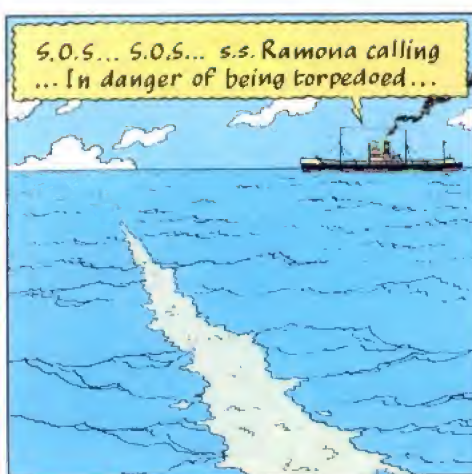
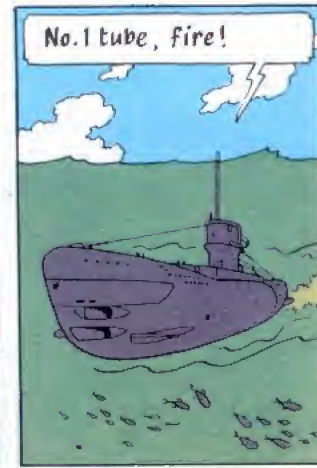
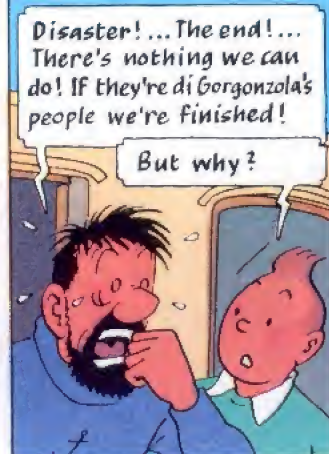
Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...

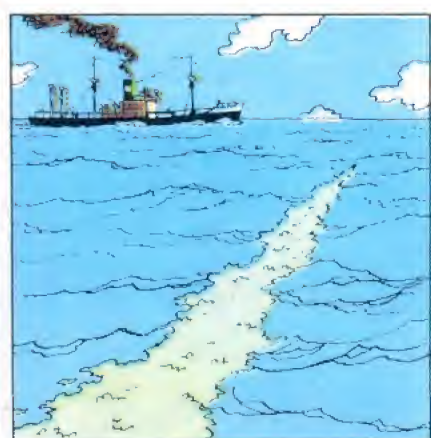
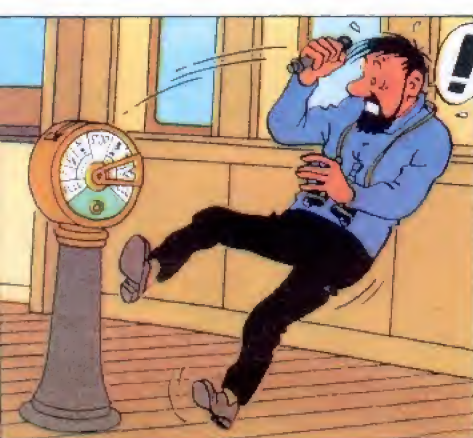
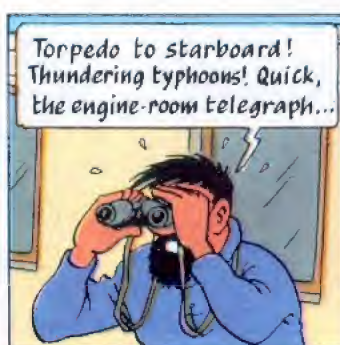
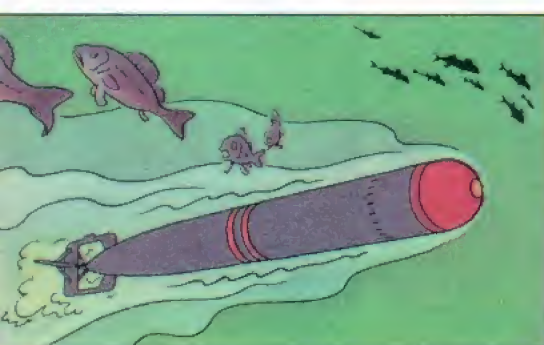
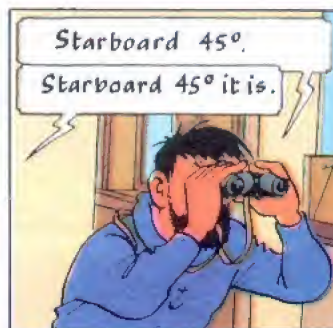
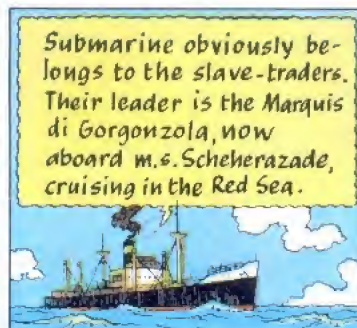
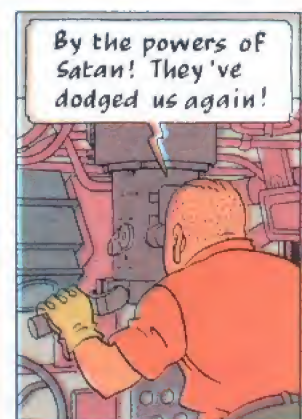
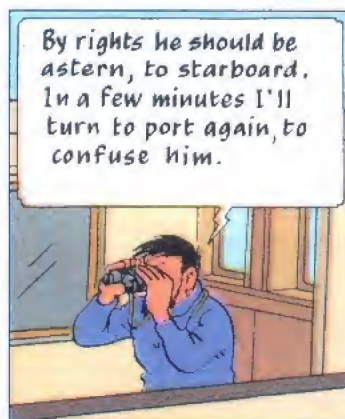
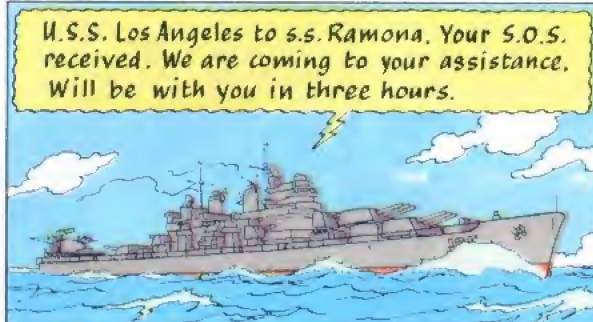


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...

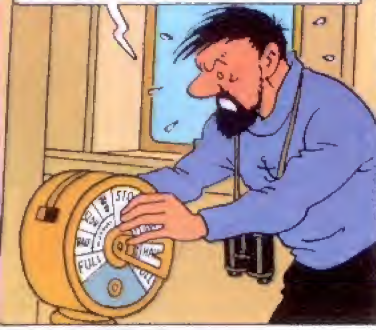


Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut! Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!

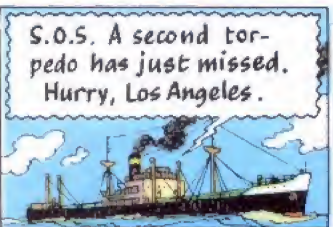
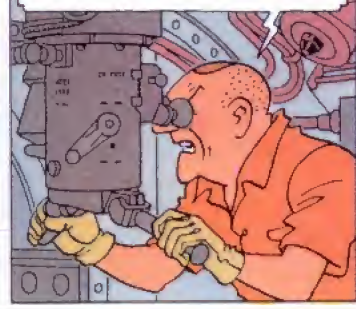




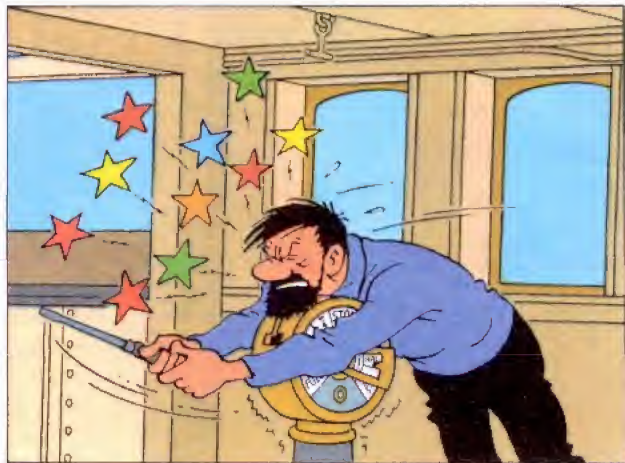
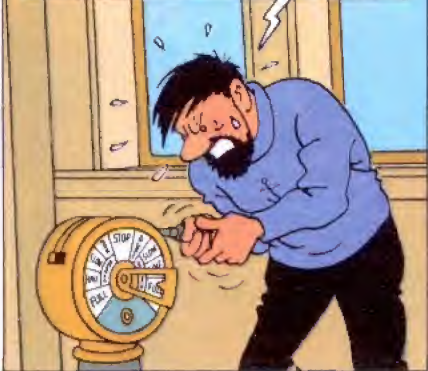
Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



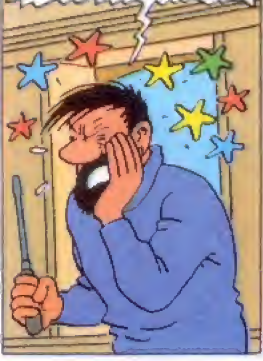
By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



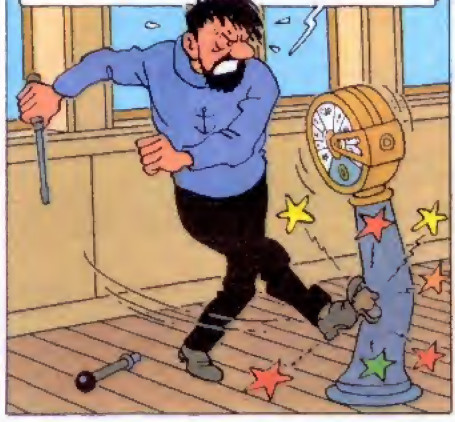
Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



PCHKRAAPRV!... TRRKHKRAA!... You confounded rattletap...



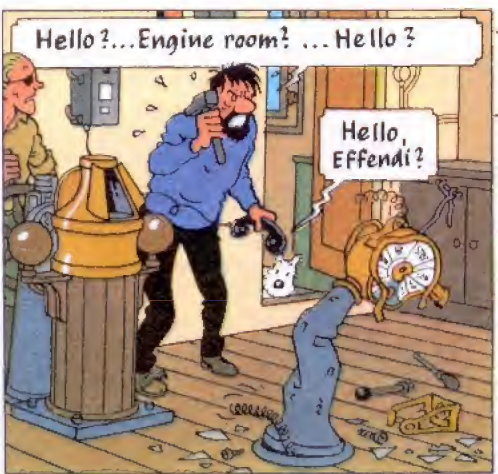
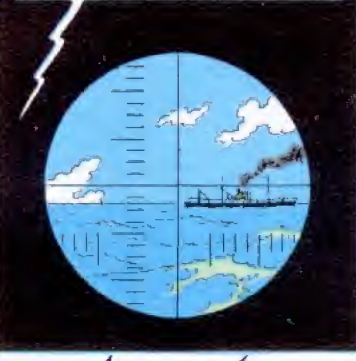
...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No.3 and No.4 tubes ready?



BRROM!

Again!

No, they're depth charges! ... Whew! I really thought we'd been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with those pirates for a target! ... They're certainly machines from the Los Angeles.

Oho! Great grandfathers! What a pasting! ... They'll be as flat as a Dover sole after that!

Wait! ... There, that upheaval in the water ...

Look! The submarine has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've been badly knocked about ...

Victory! ... They're waving a white flag... They're surrendering... The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified submarine: remain on the surface and stop your engines. One suspicious move and we'll blow you out of the water...

Torpedoes are out of the question now... A limpet-mine on their hull! ... With the ammunition aboard, it'll look like an accident... In you go: you've plenty of time: the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!

What a job!

Saved! Yippee! Saved!

Hooray!

Tralalala-laika!

That is white man's folk-dance.

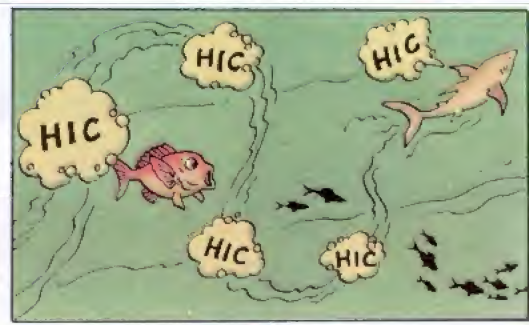
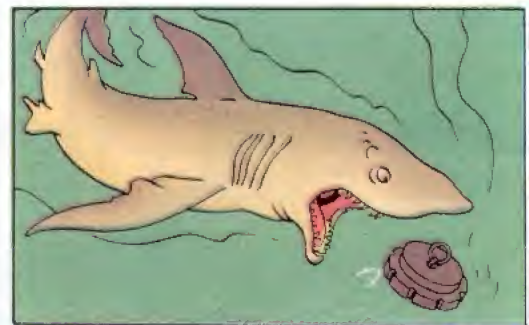
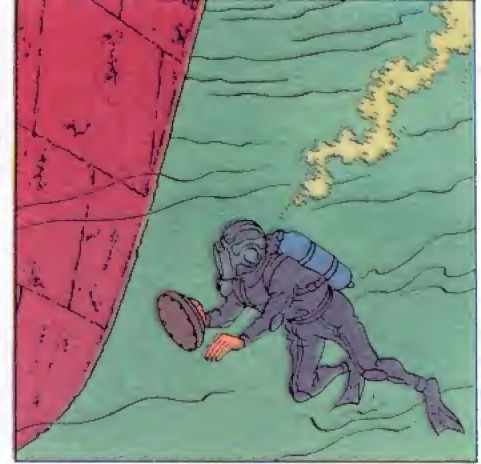
They said the ammunition was in the forepart...

Meanwhile ...

This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.

Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect ...

Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



An hour later. ...

Hooray! ... There she is! ... The Los Angeles!

American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.

BOOOM

The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost! ... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



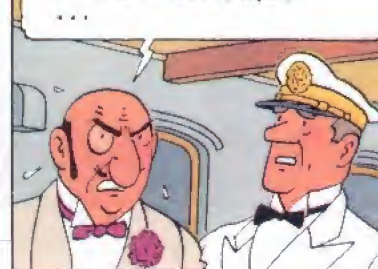
The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.

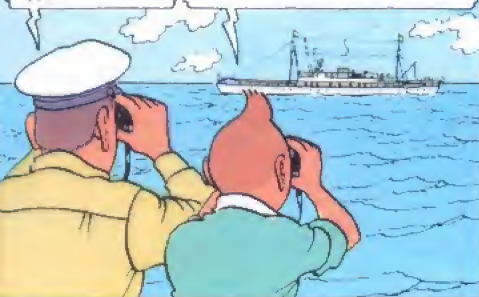


All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends, I will go alone.



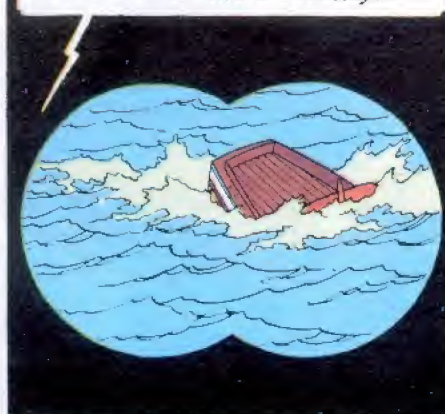
... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!



Will Red Sea Surrender Body of Rastapopoulos?

No trace has yet been found of the body of the notorious international gangster Rastapopoulos, believed drowned in the Red Sea. The circumstances of his disappearance remain a mystery; but once again the famous reporter Tintin has wrecked the schemes of one of the most dangerous criminals of our time, whose evil life in slaves has been brought to an end. When last seen, Rastapopoulos, alias Louis de Gorgonzola, was in his private launch, heading from the Red Sea towards the Azores.

NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD

SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at work. The goods were delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE". Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khem

MULL PASHA

Revolutionary Leader

Happy Annals photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona* by Tintin and Captain Haddock saved them from a hideous death.

Once known as Mull Pasha, he is now called Emir Ben Kalish Ezab.

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel

Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Haddock, the docks, the command of one of Rastapopoulos's ships.

Coup d'etat in San Theodoros

Alcazar ousts Tapio

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former Chief of state, has been ousted by Tapio.

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, mainly in the Gulf of Aden. The crew of the vessel is said to be composed of former sailors and soldiers.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red-Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with regard to the pilgrims.

TINTIN IN NEW VENTURE

Tintin and Captain Haddock are on their way to Mecca to investigate the pilgrim transport.

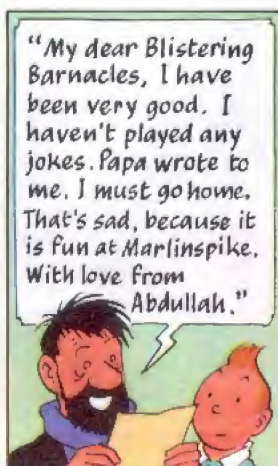
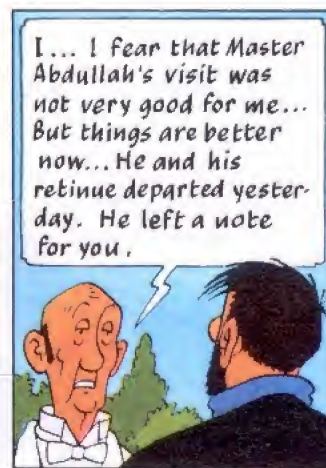
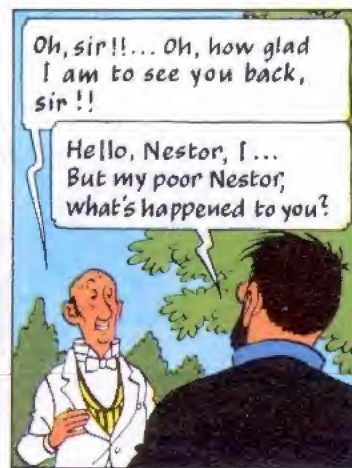
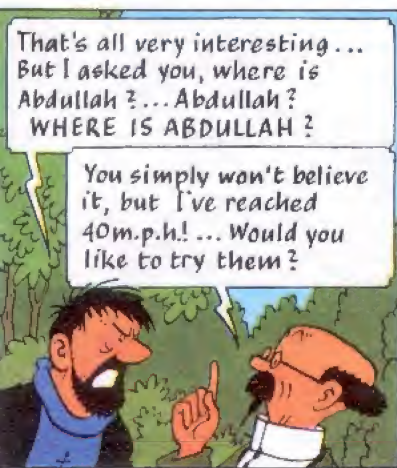
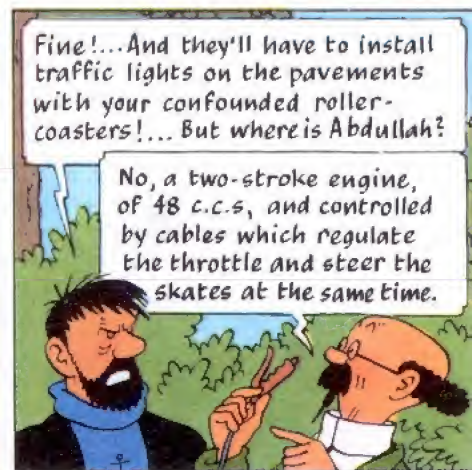
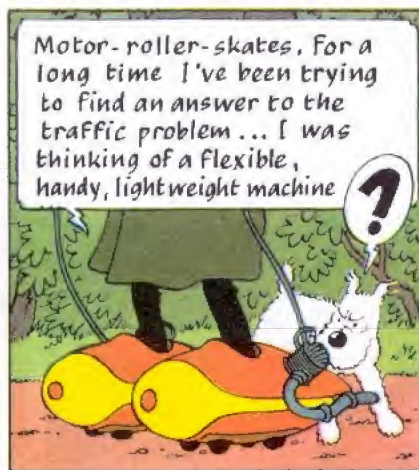
The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that a man has encountered such a shady individual. Since his return to Europe, Dawson has conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

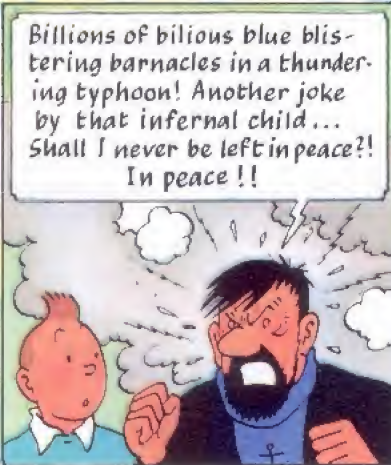
A fortnight later...

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...

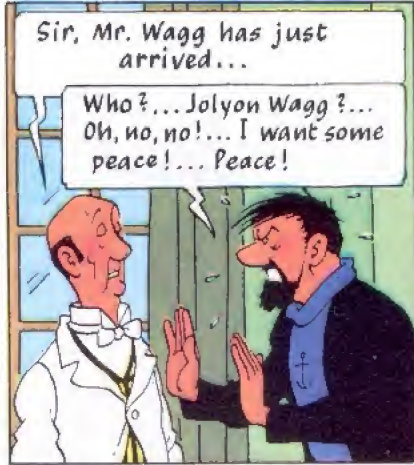
...and hear the old familiar sounds ... Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...

POF **POF**





Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace?! In peace!!



Sir, Mr. Wagg has just arrived...
Who?... Jolyon Wagg?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Peace!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!... What a lark to see you again, you old humbug, you!



Well, my old salt, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...
A matter of taste...



No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "you must go and liven things up for that old stick-in-the-mud..."
That's very kind of you, but...

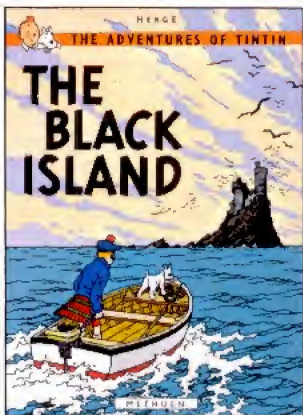
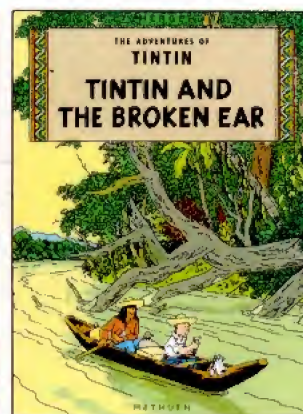
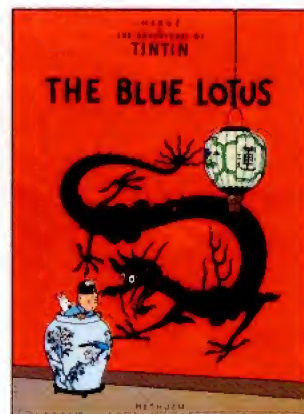
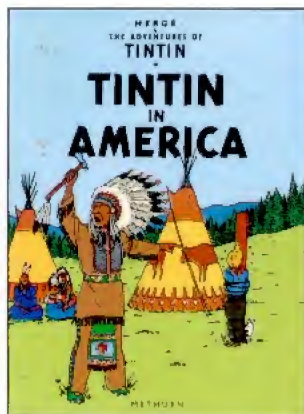


Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vagabond Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organise a rally, and the final trials...



THE
END

...are at Marlinspike!

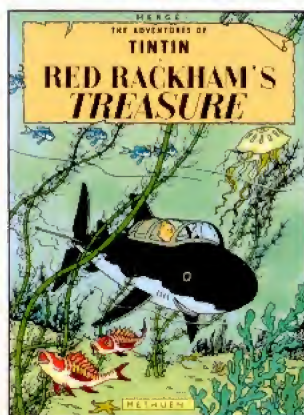
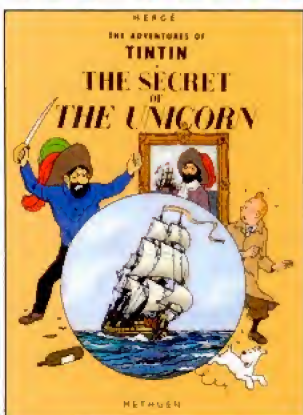
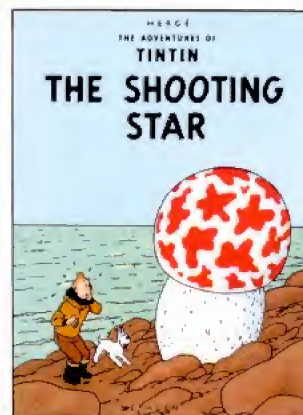
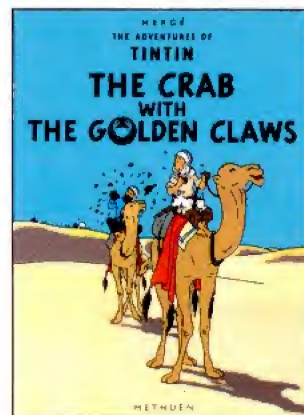


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Collect all 21
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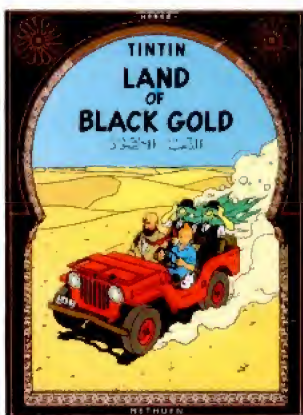
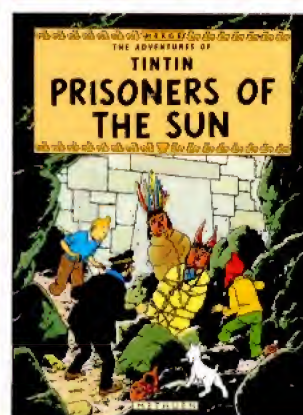
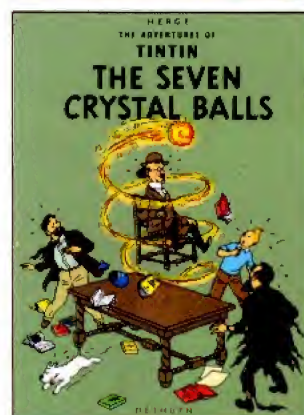
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